

FEBRUARY
15 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢

Life

"Whenever I drive through
a close place like this,
I just close my eyes and
trust to luck."



“Couldn’t stop, eh? Why don’t you get some GRIP on your tires?”



ANYONE who watches cars stop on wet pavements all day long is bound to notice what a difference the tread makes in safety.

The fact is, smooth rubber skids 77% farther than a new Goodyear All-Weather.

And according to impartial, scientific tests, on drenched concrete, the Goodyear All-Weather Tread will stop your car *quicker than any other tire.*

Examine it and you will

see the reason, in those deep-cut, sharp-edged, sure-gripping blocks of tough rubber *in the center of the tread*—right where the tire contacts the road.

Year after year, while other treads have come and gone, more people have ridden on this one famous tread than on any other kind.

Since they cost no more, why be satisfied with anything but the *safest* tires on your car?



More tons are hauled on GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES than on any other kind



GOOD YEAR

His BETTER JUDGMENT *tells him:*

"NEXT TIME GET ETHYL"



THIS MAN knows how to judge *value* in clothes. He matches price against style, fit, comfort and wear. He knows that, regardless of claims, "you get no more than you pay for."

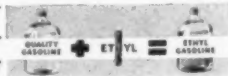
That same *Better Judgment* is reminding him now, as he blames his car for failing performance. "Maybe the gasoline is at fault," it whispers. "No car can be better than the fuel you give it."

You can't expect to get Ethyl

performance without paying for it.

Your car represents a real investment, whether it cost \$500 or \$5,000. Isn't it sound economy to make the most of it, every minute and mile you drive? Particularly now that Ethyl costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline. Less, on the average, than \$1 a month! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New

York City.



© E. G. C. 1934



Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.



THAT KNOT OF PAIN

Smooth it out with soothing Absorbine Jr.

● Pain is like a knot in muscles—an angry knot of congestion that can be quickly smoothed away with easing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

As you rub this gratifying liniment into those throbbing parts you can tell by the way it stimulates that it is getting results.

And as you continue to massage the muscles, a wonderful soothing balm seems to penetrate to the very pit of the trouble.

The muscles lose their tautness. They loosen up, become soft and supple again—as warmth steals in and pain steals OUT!

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf, go to your druggist for one. Keep it handy for sore, aching muscles, bruises, strains and sprains, and other muscular ailments. It's also a wonderful antiseptic for cuts and burns. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness, "Athlete's Foot."

Life

FEBRUARY : 1934

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"Who's been opening my mail?"



What!

NO ROBIN?

One passenger on a Chesapeake and Ohio train complained recently because she couldn't find the usual harbinger of Spring—a robin. Genuine air-conditioning provides most of the other desirable Springtime attributes—balmy May temperatures . . . clean, fresh air . . . spick-and-span furnishings. But no robin. We could catch one and let him ride with you on The George Washington . . . on The Sportsman . . . or on The F. F. V. He'd feel right at home. Because all seasons of the year are just one long Springtime on Chesapeake and Ohio.

The Finest Fleet of Trains
in the World

THE
**GEORGE
WASHINGTON**
THE
SPORTSMAN

THE F. F. V.

All Genuinely Air-Conditioned

Serving

Washington • Philadelphia • New York
Cincinnati • Lexington • Louisville
Chicago • Detroit • Toledo • Cleveland
St. Louis • Indianapolis • Columbus
Richmond • Norfolk • Newport News
White Sulphur Springs • Hot Springs

The ticket agent of any railroad can route you on the Chesapeake & Ohio. Insist upon it!

CHESAPEAKE
and **OHIO**



All the time you'll see why

WHITE STAR IS THE AVENUE TO EUROPE

In the glamour of a distinguished passenger list . . . in the tempting variety that awaits every visit to the dining salon . . . in the very click of heels as your steward smilingly salutes you, you'll recognize the gracious hospitality, the quiet efficiency that makes a passage via White Star mean so much more. Seasoned seagoers accept it as a matter of course . . . they know why it is so eminently correct to have a White Star label on one's baggage . . . Sail, and see why White Star is the "Avenue to Europe"—whether you are travelling First, Cabin or Tourist Class. For passages to Ireland, England and France, see your local agent.

S. S. MAJESTIC Feb. 23—March 16
 (World's largest ship)
 S. S. OLYMPIC March 2—March 29
 England's largest Cabin liners
 M. V. GEORGIC (new) March 23—April 20
 M. V. BRITANNIC April 6—May 5

**WHITE STAR
 LINE**



INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY • NO. 1 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • AGENTS EVERYWHERE



"COWBOYS NEED
HEALTHY NERVES —
AND, BELIEVE ME,
SO DO HOUSEWIVES!"



Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., says:

"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any woman who is a home maker will agree with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending to all the other duties of running a household are enough to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I have to be careful in choosing *my* cigarettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels freely without a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness, and I like their taste better. Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one after another."


Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the

tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you:

 Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE** tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

*Camel's
Costlier Tobaccos*



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

PREDICTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF—



february



sun

mon

tues

wed

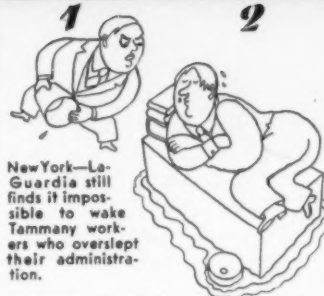
thur

fri

sat

Girls born before the 20th are intellectual. They read the "National Geographic."

Girls born after the 19th are very yielding except when they are stubborn, and then they scratch your face.



New York—La Guardia still finds it impossible to wake Tammany workers who overslept their administration.

New York—Haberdashers feature pajamas with two pairs of pants to meet the demands of the new leisure.

4

Athens—In-sull sells the Black Sea to the Greek ink interests.



6

Active Russo-American trade in razors and beard tonics brings curious results.



8

Berlin—Hitler increases Reich defenses. Buys pants to match his bullet-proof vest.

9

Paris—France sees the error of her ways. Applies to the FERA for funds to pay her war debts.

10



11



12

Dublin—Gandhi sends de Valera a loin cloth. Eammon gets the idea. Gags O'Duffy with it.

13

Los Angeles—St. Valentine's Day. The Mdivanis challenge Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

14

15



16

Washington—Gen. Johnson sends Boris Karloff to make faces at Henry Ford.

17

Washington—The Treasury issues a toasted penny to go with the baloney dollar. Asks Al Smith for more suggestions.

18

New York—Good House-keeping Institute refuses to indorse Capone beer.



19

20



Berlin—Nazis send women to concentration camps for scientific race breeding. Predict new German herd will excell finest Jersey cattle.

21

22

San Francisco—50,000 exceptions prove the rule that California criminals have been scared out of their career by the San Jose lynching.

23

Philadelphia—Kahki Shirts jailed for vagrancy! Gen. Art Smith smells a rat, but is assured it is only himself.

24



25

New York—Secretary Farley still counts more unemployed Democrats than there are letters to carry. Sends contribution to the Birth Control League.

26

27

Albuquerque—The 120,000,000th American reads the last two pages of "Ulysses".



28

Men born before the 20th will tell you how you should have played your last bridge hand. Men born after the 19th are recurrently lazy and their wives may have to take in washing if they don't watch out.

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



to the effect that it might be well for the book reviewer to read another book. This came at a singularly inappropriate time because I was just on the verge of a few remarks about the theatre, a subject which can be studied with the minimum of effort and on which I have views so violent that I suspect the fellow who has been sitting at my left for the past six weeks is not after all one of Mr. Perelman's fraternity brothers from Providence but the house detective. It is inconceivable, however, that a man of my resourcefulness can be muzzled forever and it is almost certain that you are eventually to hear my opinion of the plays of George S. Kaufman, which have been irritating me no little recently.

However, in the line of duty I have just been reading *The Thin Man* by Dashiell Hammett (Knopf), and this allows me to bring up the whole question of crime and detective fiction, including President Wilson who gave a royal *cachet* to this form of literary endeavor by his announcement that daylight never appeared over the Potomac without his forty pages of, I believe, J. S. Fletcher having been consumed. This was considered an admirable gesture in cementing the blood ties of the two English-speaking nations because Mr. Fletcher was an Englishman, but it also may have meant that Mr. Fletcher was a good writer of mystery tales, which he happened to be. At any rate, Mr. Wilson's approval of what had formerly been a trivial sector of literature gave a boost to crime fiction which carried it along for years. Just when it showed signs of decay, S. S. Van Dine brought forward Philo Vance and lifted mystery tales right into the drawing room. Mr. Vance, with his accent and affectations, is one of the vilest heroes in fiction and his creator, Mr. Van Dine, undoubtedly violated all the rules of credulity and fairness in not having him socked by one of the duller dicks of the force, but he did get himself involved in some excellent tangles and worked himself out of them with great adeptness and fertility of imagination.

At about this same time the machine known as Edgar Wallace began turning

them out in England. Mr. Wallace is one of the great men of history. He conducted a daily racing column, he wrote plays, he wrote literally hundreds of stories and serials and novels, he did special articles and he traveled. The money he won on writing, he lost on racing and died broke, proving that the last fellow to follow is one who is an expert on the ponies. Following now in the Wallace footsteps is a young Frenchman named Georges Simonen, who writes a novel a week. Not almost a novel a week, but a novel a week, and very good mystery stories they are. If you're the sort of person who never allows the sun to rise over the Hudson, etc., without reading a detective novel, you had better get in touch with M. Simonen. His books are being done in America by Covici-Friede.

BUT of them all, as Dorothy Parker says, and I, for once at least, concur, there is none to compare with Dashiell Hammett. Mary Roberts Rinehart is good and such men as Ellery Queen and Erle Stanley Gardner have come up rapidly in the past two years, but Hammett is by himself. I'm not an authority in the technique of crime or of crime writing and his plots may not be sensations. All I know is that he makes literature of such stories. He has dialog as good as being written in America and the stories have humor, speed and common sense. There is a nice bawdy air about his stories which is reminiscent of Mae West. If it gets you at all, you laugh out loud at it—no sniggers.

His latest, *The Thin Man*, has to do with the activities of Nick Charles, the American-Greek sleuth, who has turned honest to the extent of looking after his wife's property and who, ostensibly, has no wish to get mixed up in the Julia Wolf murder. Not only does he get mixed up in it but for a minute or two the reader has a hunch that he might have done it himself. That's the kind of a tale it is. The characters talk and act like human beings and they do the sensible thing in a pinch rather than the usual mysterious nonsense. Your friend and mentor recommends it to you.

As a general thing, go light on humorous books. They're touting now *L'Affaire Jones* by Hillel Bernstein (Stokes). Gentlemen, I give you my word; it is not funny. Don Marquis calls it "one of the most keen and amusing satires I ever read." Carl Van Doren calls it "a humorous masterpiece." What I want you to do is read the book and discover who America's greatest critic is. It has to do with a dumb American who gets mixed up with the dumb French police. Here is a sample of the humor.

"You should read Marx," says the Communist.

"Which one?"

"Which one? There is only one."

"We have four," said our hero.

I leave it with you.

P. S. Before there is any clamor from the audience, I'd like to say that I'm well aware that Conan Doyle wrote mystery stories. I agree with you all. Nobody since has even come close. But Dashiell Hammett is a better writer. (For further notes see "Stop & Go" Service, page 41.)



Literary Possibilities:

Eva Le Gallienne rewrites "Alice," "The Cherry Orchard," and "Peter Pan," so she can play all three parts at once.



Prelude to Pleasure

Those who instinctively appreciate the better things are quick to recognize the quality of DIXIE BELLE DRY GIN. Its gracious smoothness, exquisite bouquet, superb dryness have won immediate acceptance with super-critical tastes. DIXIE BELLE lends a note of authority to your cocktails and highballs. One taste and you know you have a really choice dry gin. Look for the "Distilled by Continental" seal. It is your guarantee of highest quality.



DIXIE BELLE GIN

TRIPLE DISTILLED *dry*

A PRODUCT OF CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA

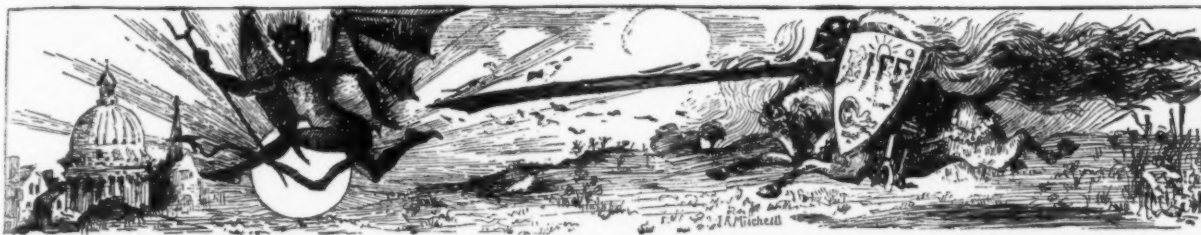
This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful



▼ Zero Hour ▼

Though I surround myself with
snow,
And pack my mushy heart in
ice,
Though winter winds about me
blow,
There is no chill in Paradise—
No warning frostbite to protect
My tottering ramparts from
the thaw
With which you skillfully defect
All thrusts of nature in the
raw,
Replacing rime as well as
reason
With warmth and chaos so
intense,
There's little sense in putting
skis on
Or using frost in self-defence.
—Margaret Fishback.

PASTEL BY ROLF ARMSTRONG



FEBRUARY, 1934

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

C. C. C. AN ARMY Captain friend of ours dropped in the other day from the wilds of Northern New York State; as Commanding Officer of a C.C.C. camp, he has had 200 young hoodlums on his hands for the past four months, and he looked a little tired. He said the average age was about 20, and the predominant disposition tough-as-hell (at least at first).

The boys, he told us, are pretty critical of the food, especially after they've gotten over the first effects of stuffing themselves to capacity. Once a gang of 30 or 40 stormed an officer's tent and announced (1) that the food wasn't fit to work on and (2) they had decided to loaf for a few days. The officer leaned suggestively on a .45 automatic as he addressed the boys and the trouble seemed to straighten right out. One of the hardest jobs is convincing the fellows that the whole thing

isn't some sort of racket; they tend to regard army officers in the light of Tammany ward heeblers getting their cut on everything from the laundry concession to the post exchange.

One of the camps was demoralized when the boys learned that the artificial lake which had been their project for weeks was officially designated and designed as a "resting place for ducks."

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Add Wedges IF THIS is the fourth time we've devoted space to canvasser's schemes for getting past the threshold, we beg indulgence on the ground that this one is different. Step One, or Getting Inside, is usually accomplished by some sort of planned and rehearsed cock-and-bull story, written by the sales mgr. and memorized by the salesman. A company selling percolators door-to-door is the first we've run across that

gets its salesmen inside quickly, honestly, effectively, and without recourse to fiction or deception.

Salesman steps up to the door and rings the bell. He has a small bottle of ground coffee in his hand; his sample case is at his feet. When the housewife appears he immediately seizes her right hand and pours half the contents of the bottle into her palm. Then he grabs her left hand and thrusts the bottle into it. This accomplished, he calmly picks up his paraphernalia, steps inside, and begins his demonstration. The *hausfrau* couldn't slam the door on him if she wanted to—her hands are full.

Ghost Story WE FEEL safe in predicting the doom of that cherished American institution, the dull after-dinner speech. With specialized hack-written brilliance available, who can justify post-prandial boredom?



This is from the New York *Herald Tribune*:

GHOSTWRITERS BUREAU

Have it written as you would like to have it read. Use our expert writers to prepare for your signature your speeches, *very special* letters, reports, articles, etc.

We took a lively personal interest at once. Not only has getting it "written as you would like to have it read" been one of our minor problems from time to time, but there was a further chance of converting our job into a sinecure.

Believing an order for: 1 mash-note to gal; embellished tabloid style; thought-content furnished: to be a set-up for the Bureau's *Very Special* Letter Dept., we phoned in for a price. It seemed to us a bit steep for the average consumer. The first hundred words, apparently, are the hardest. At any rate they are the most expensive, and are quoted at eleven cents a word. The price per word decreases on a sliding scale, however, and when you get up to a couple of thousand words the rate goes down to four cents. The ghosts will arrange special rates, too, for special or unusual jobs.

Chief Ghost, or Ghost No. 1 of the Bureau is Mr. Baer, a tangible, affable gentleman of about 43 summers, about 5 ft. 7 in., and about 143 avoirdupois. Marshalled under him are various subghosts and consulting ghsts., each presumably in charge of a special field of ghostliness.

So, if flashes of brilliance occur in normally tedious after-dinner speakers, smirk knowingly and look for the ghost.

Through **THE** working-my-way-through-college gag is indeed an ancient wheeze.

It has, in fact, aged almost enough to be eligible for an Ed Wynn program. But still it works.

A lady in Great Neck fell for it last May and took a year's subscription to *Vogue*. She hasn't seen *Vogue*, the solicitor, or her money since. According to the National Publishers' Association such things happen because agents sometimes skip the company and do a little freelance selling—with company blanks. Then they forget to turn in the subscription and the cash. It's happened often enough to cause the Association more than a little worry. A sheaf



"You must be careful not to break his spirit."

of bulletins two inches thick has been broadcast in an effort to blacklist agents having such proclivities and end the practise.

A fellow named Armstrong was fired by one of the big subscription companies for knocking down. Posing as a student of the University of Wyoming, he looted the purses of Laramie for enough on a magazine subscription campaign to go to California for the winter. He got ninety days.

Holy Phil Canont had the neatest scheme of all until he spoiled it all by going honest. He organized a lot of New England Ladies' Aids, Auxiliaries, Guilds, and other church units to sell subscriptions on a profit-sharing basis for the church. Then he made the rounds, collected, and disappeared. That was after Phil had been fired

from another big subscription agency.

Although subscription firms have worked out schemes that make misrepresentation well-nigh impossible, the notable irregularities have planted the germ of mistrust. Makes it tough for those deserving souls who are earnestly trying to make a living selling subscriptions. And if anybody ever *did* work his way through college that way, it certainly makes it tough for him.

Moral: Subscribe to magazines that say, "Send copy and bill me later."

Radio **NOT ONLY** does it Talent sound unreasonable but for about twenty dollars you can be absolutely sure it is. We're referring to that ad which has been running in the *Chicago Herald & Examiner* for the past seven months and more.

GAIL BANDELL wants dramatic talent for commercial radio productions. Aud. free.

Phone Sup. 7286

You telephone; make an appointment; arrive at the cozy studio in the 600 block on North Michigan Boul.; have a successful audition and listen to a briskly voiced female tell you of your amazing opportunity.

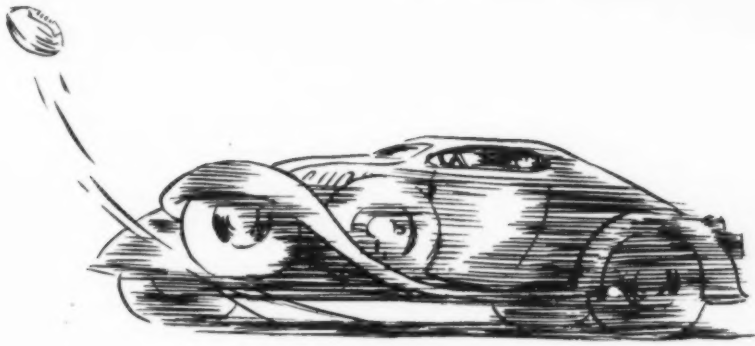
She'll teach you microphone technique; give you a role in a skit and, believe it or not, audition you before a sponsor. (Radio stations note; Miss Bandell has had sponsors bothering her for talent for over seven months and they're still coming—even in the summer season.)

When you come to after her fairy-tale-like story you learn that a few rehearsals on the skit will be necessary before appearing before a sponsor. "These rehearsals, which will number three or four, will cost you only two dollars," Miss Bandell will tell you, adding, "Rehearsal fees barely pay the rent but I make my share selling my script."

After the third or fourth rehearsal comes the fifth and sixth, and later come the ninth and tenth. Odd that your audition was so good and your identical voice in rehearsals so terrible . . . Ho . . . Hum . . .

When rehearsals are finished and you're prepared for the army of sponsors . . . they've disappeared. "But don't be discouraged because I'll phone you





KNEE-ACTION



as soon as one of them arrives," Miss Bandell glibly tells you.

After a week or two passes by you'll call up and want to speak to her but she's awfully busy at present doing all she can to uncover the deserters of that often-referred-to army, her secretary will sweetly tell you.

And one more thing; if you should chance to have the opportunity, saunter to the studio in the rear and look around until you find a high pile of mimeographed copies of that script which She told you about when you received your copy. Remember? "I'm all worn out. I was up all night finishing this script."

ARTS & LETTERS

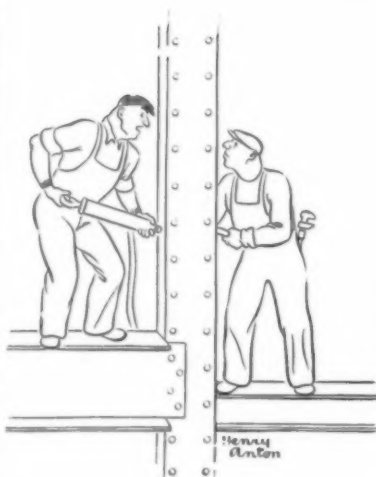
Folk Lore A FEW days ago we looked over the pencil scrawlings on a great many subway posters. The idea was to find out how the American mind works while it is waiting for trains, but the trouble is it doesn't.

"Be nice, and don't be a rat," scribbled an unknown Tory somewhere below the Brooklyn City Hall. "Rats don't live long in this part of the country." A few posters ahead he had written: "All rats must stay away from here." As the lone wolf moved towards the stairs he pulled himself together and made a final effort to clarify things: "The easy way through this world is not to be a rat."

Three or four stations east we ran across his theme song in echo: "No rats allowed, nothing right anywhere, never recover again." What this writer had in mind, though, was the N.R.A.

As a rule subway authors aren't much interested in the Recovery plan. When they're not insulting the Lux or the Astring-o-sol girl, they're mostly writing their names or something about Hitler. That and adding up columns of figures. You've no idea what a help the subway is to people whose accounts are bothering them. Contrary to what we expected, there aren't so many smutty lines. Apparently we'd just been reading those and letting the others go. Subway companies censor them anyway, and so do shocked passengers.

The remarks about Hitler are pretty dull. "Hitler must die" is about as far as they generally get. Some one else then scrawls "Boycott all Jews" on the



"What ever happened to the noise abatement commission?"

next poster and the battle is a sort of draw. A large number of passengers also write "Come up and see me some time" with a flourish, as though startled.

"I am hungry," mourns a downtown author. "Any money you give will be all right. I have not eat in two days."

Alas, the hungry one chose a guppy way of getting in touch with his public. Not all the journalists are hungry. "I am glad, I am glad," said a Brooklyn passenger, while another wrote "Agoo" several times on a poster. Means nothing.

If the advertisements get any notice



"No, you can't throw any more dollars into the Potomac!"

at all they usually get the bird. "Use Mistol Drops to give us a good cold and cough," pans a constant reader. One goes halfway with California prunes: "Prunes in the evening, grapefruit morning." A few good customers copy the ads, thereby memorizing them. It's all mixed up.

Out of all this junk we got the most fun out of the Framers-Up Series, first meeting it on the I.R.T. West Side at 59th St. "Seattle crooks are here too," it says in a bold hand. "They are framers-ups, etc." The next day we found a fragment in the same writing at Kingston Ave., Bkln., ten miles away:

"Detroit crooks are here too. . . . A clique of Jewish and Gentile crooks including framers-ups and counter-crooks and confederates are on Eastern Parkway. This clique operates everywhere in the five boroughs. They are swindlers, framers-ups, fakers, holdups, suborners, etc., etc."

Framers-ups, we found out, are gentry who go around hunting for victims to hang crimes on. Suborners hire you to swear falsely at trials. A counter-crook is a shoplifter. Flim-flammers are con men.

After that we kept an eye open for the Framers-Up Series. It had something. Here was a writer who knew what he was talking about even if he didn't know why. In Bronx we came across what looked like the beginning of it, at 176th & Jerome Ave:

"A clique of swindlers, two-faced 'friends,' extortioners, framers-ups, counter-crooks, troublemakers, flim-flammers, pickpockets, sheik crooks and confederates are travelling everywhere in the five boroughs. And all sorts of fakes. Also young and old female confederates."

This must be one of the reasons Chicago's, Detroit's, and San Francisco's subway systems are still just a lot of notes on some engineer's blotter pad.

HIGHER LEARNING

Relative Evil APPARENTLY seeking to bring the Old Testament up to date on the status of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, a girl's college in Boston recently took a poll in which they ranked the Ten Commandments according to their own



"Neither of us play, but it's lovely for serving drinks."

ideas of relative importance. About a thousand girls voted, placing the Fifth Commandment, Honor Thy Father And Thy Mother, first. The runners-up were:

2. Thou Shalt Not Kill
3. None Other Gods
4. Commit Adultery
5. Bear False Witness
6. Name Of The Lord In Vain

And so on down to Keeping The Sabbath Holy, which they ranked tenth.

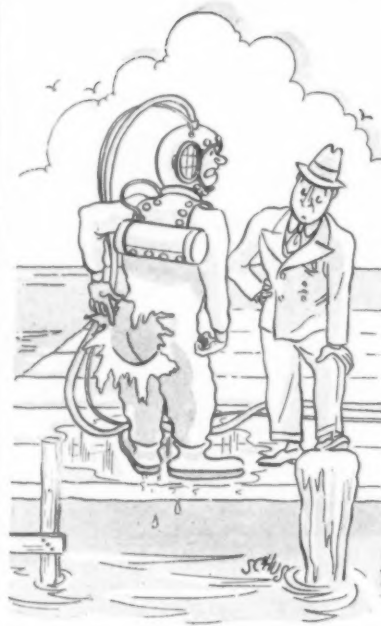
Even keeping in mind the fact that One Thousand Coeds Can't Be Wrong, we can't down the idea that the ladies' first choice reveals an ulterior motive. We even hazard a guess that most of the Simmons Misses have told the old man to go fly a kite many's the time and oft and with no respect whatsoever. And as for coming out flatfooted that it's more wicked to be snippy with one's sire than to bash in a neighbor's skull . . .

Remembering our college days we don't think it *too* wide the mark to interpret the poll: "Terribly fond of ya, Pop! P.S. Allowance scarcely adequate."

ENTERTAINMENT

Coming Distractions WE'RE callused enough as a moviegoer to be able to sit through an ordinary siege of "Coming Attractions" ballyhoo without whimpering, but our neighborhood cinema overdid it so flagrantly the other night that we're goaded to comment. Six one-minute exposures announced that the picture to be shown Friday was Thrilling, Gripping, Dramatic, Stupendous, Spectacular, and Dynamic. This broadside was preceded by a five-minute pep-talk, and followed by four more 60-second salvos to the effect that it would Intoxicate You, Open Your Eyes, Make You Laugh, Make You Cry. Then came a ten-minute reel demonstrating that the picture scheduled for Monday would do all the things Friday's feature would do and Galvanize You to boot.

Mere long-windedness made the display a painful enough ordeal, but the unnecessary pyrotechnics made it well-nigh insufferable. First a badly drawn tree, from which was suspended a human skull, was flashed on the screen. Then the skull began to twirl. The tree fell over. The skull, meanwhile, had



"I ran into a school of dogfish!"

blown up. One of the branches of the tree detached itself, receded to the horizon three or four times, and finally flipped the word "T-H-R-I-L-L-I-N-G" into the foreground, one ten-foot letter at a time. Pieces of the skull came spinning back and stood jiggling for a full minute in the form of the word "S-T-U-P-E-N-D-O-U-S." And so on.

Normally we're only too content to peddle our own little paper and leave the movie industry to M-G-M and such. But we *would* like to hint, in stationary and legible type, that two or three seconds would be ample time for reading



"Admiral Byrd started this business. Why don't you go see him about it?"

a ten-letter word, if the damn thing would stand still for a minute.

GREAT MINDS

"To think that men have invented a machine whereby they could fly through the air like birds!"

—Dolly Gann.

"I'm not scared."

—Gov. James Rolph, Jr.

"Why is it that everyone in America seems to be against me?"

—Samuel Insull.

"I'm full of pep."

—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

"Drunk or sober, I like a veteran."

—Lady Astor.

"What is the Social Register?"

—Mrs. John N. Garner.

"I couldn't earn a dime playing the part of my natural self."

—Lee Tracy.

"Them New York reporters must be nuts."

—Max Baer.

"The world can rest assured that we have no intention of playing with fire."

—Adolf Hitler.

"I am too old now to be regular just for the sake of regularity."

—Alfred E. Smith.

"Poetry is curiously akin to vintage."

—John Masefield.

"Our college life has expressed its vitality in such rackets as organized football."

—Henry A. Wallace.

"I wonder if we are doing all that we can to show that it's possible to entertain without the aid of John Barleycorn."

—Mrs. Ella Boole.

"Congress must decide once for all whether Christ was a poet and idealist."

—Father Charles E. Coughlin.

"In twenty-eight years of office I never have had a party leader come to me and tell me to do what I believed was the right thing."

—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.



AN OPEN LETTER

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY COMMITTEE,
Columbia University,
New York City.

Gentlemen: It's too late to compete for the 1933 Pulitzer play prize and I want to apologize for not having had my play, "Mothers of the Ages," produced last year. It was to have been an epic of mother love, a progressive pageant of maternity in twelve acts and twenty-one scenes with time out for breakfast, luncheon and dinner and one or two confinements. But interest in mother love reached an all-time low in 1933, popular taste running more to black silk stockings with garters, Mae West and the return of hard liquor and black silk stockings with garters.

I know, however, you will be glad to hear that I am already looking toward this year's award. I think I can promise you something really fine and different. Briefly, I propose to write a play in which all the characters, men

and women alike, have the same name; something simple preferably, like John.

I am afraid this will have to be a sex play and because it is desirable to get sex somewhere in the title I shall probably call it "Sex Characters in Search of an Author" although I am toying with the notion of giving it a nautical twist and naming it "Desire Under the Helm."

You might be interested in a preview of one of the smash scenes in the third act. This is laid in the lobby of the Chase National Bank and requires full stage, there being a chorus line of fifty (count them) fifty vice presidents in gold-spangled tights. The dialogue opens on a note of exquisite melancholy.

JOHN: John!

JOHN: John! Why did you come?

JOHN: I came because I could not stay away. I came because we need one another, dear; because we are too true, too fine to carry on this deceit, to live this lie any longer. And, lastly, I came

because—well, because I love you.

JOHN: And I love you, too, John. But John needs me. I cannot leave him now. He needs me as he never needed me before. It would kill him were I to leave. We must be unselfish, John. Our love must make us noble; it must make us kind and understanding. It must make us strong.

(Enter JOHN, a pathetic figure.)

JOHN: Ah, a visitor. I thought I heard voices.

JOHN: Yes, dear, this is John.

JOHN: And what brings you here, may I ask?

JOHN: I just come up to find out whether you wanted twenty-five pounds or fifty pounds today. There wasn't no note on the box.

(CURTAIN)

The audience will be seated on the stage before the first curtain. The actors will file into orchestra seats with considerable scuffing of feet and rustling of programs about the middle of the first act. Throughout the second act those not immediately engaged in speaking their lines will carry on low, diverting conversations with their neighbors, and in the middle of the third act, just as the heroine comes out of a faint to announce that she expects a baby two weeks come Whitsuntide, the entire troupe will rush away to last trains to the suburbs.

In 1935 I propose to write a play in which there will be no characters whatever except for a telephone, a doorbell and the muffled tread of columns of men marching away to war.

Cordially,

—Doug Welch.

Gold In Them Thar Hills?

REAL estate will soar, they say,
If inflation has its day.
"Buy a little farm and cow,
Put your shoulder to the plough,
Dig yourself a modest furrow,
Have yourself a place to burrow
Into, so that you may live,
When your bank becomes a sieve."

That's the sort of free advice
I've been offered once or twice.
But since I do not admire
Rural life, I must acquire
Acreage in Central Park,
Or be satisfied to mark
Time, until the currency
Gains some real authority.

—Margaret Fishback.



"No, I don't want to look at the goldfish—I've seen it a hundred times!"

LET'S GO BACK
AGAIN

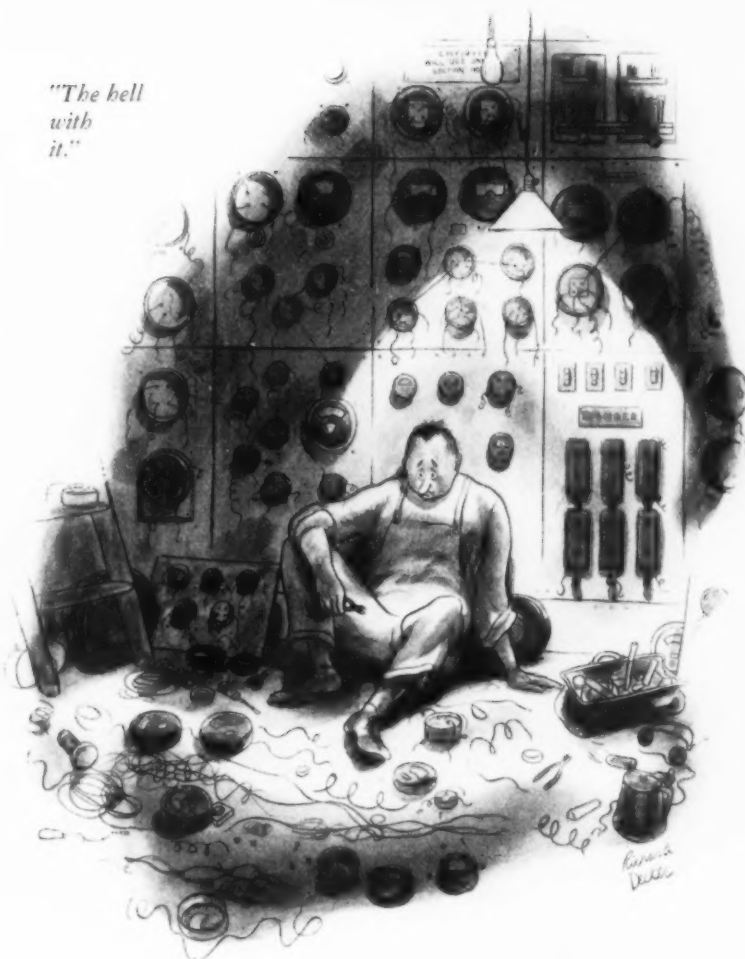
ALONG with (the figures prove it) many other kindred spirits I was one who looked forward to the repeal of prohibition. It would cure sundry ills. It would restore individual liberty. And, best of all, it would restore civilized drinking. Well, it may have cured some ills and restored individual liberty, but has it restored civilized drinking? Don't make me laugh.

Civilized drinking indeed! In place of the gangster and the flask toter and the jazz baby we are surrounded, harassed, harangued, beset upon at every turn by a greater scourge, a worse menace than any of these—the connoisseur, may his corpse be treated with the wrong embalming fluid! Can you invite him to dinner, dish him out some perfectly good wine, and go on conversing seriously with your other guests about Greta Garbo? Don't be silly! The minute he eyes the fluid he gasps in horror. Barsac with duck? Never, never! One should only serve Musigny or Clos de Vougeot! Heresy! Heresy!

He is started. Nothing can stop him. Off names trip from his tongue in endless procession. In great detail he will tell you when to serve Chablis, when a Burgundy, when Ramanée Conti, when Mumms 1921, when Napoleon Brandy, when Heidsick 1776, when Chartreuse, when this, when that, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Can you offer him a Scotch-and-soda after dinner? If you're prepared to take the consequences.

Nine times out of ten the connoisseur is under thirty. This means that before prohibition he had never tasted anything stronger than a double ice-cream soda. Generally he has never been nearer to France than Atlantic City, New Jersey. Does that deter him? —I'm laughing with tears up my sleeve. He reads books and articles about drinks. Oh Methuselah, how he reads them! He must read from morning to night. He must read three at a time. Half the time he must sit up all night. He must spend hours pacing the floor in his mad endeavor to memorize vintages, "caves", distillations, bouquets and all his other meaningless whatnots. I'll take a straight hooker of bathtub gin. —*Parke Cummings.*

"The hell
with
it."



COMPLETE EFFICIENCY

OUR office has twin decks where
filing clerks index

Our Inter-Cross-Referenced files,
Which fully extended and laid end-to-
ended

Would stretch out for several miles.

Our plats and our surveys, our charts
and our curveys

Are kept with meticulous care;
We never require 'em, but should we
desire 'em

We know how to find 'em and where.

We've got a new shipment of office
equipment

Reducing our labor by half,
(Though now that we've done it the
people to run it

Will probably double our staff.)

Our time-clocks and daters and sales
calculators

And bill computators are grand.

Our daily shop-record is red, blue and
checked;
Why, none of us quite understand.

We've copper and brass kits of holders
and baskets,

We each have six separate phones
And buzzers that buzz in at least half
a dozen

Completely dissimilar tones.
We have each appliance of up-to-date
science

With more waiting out in the hall;
And so, in conjunction with making
them function,

We cannot do business at all!

—*Berton Braley.*

It looks as though Uncle Sam may
have to settle with Europe at fifty dol-
lars on the dollar.

THE DECLINE OF MOTORING

MAYBE nobody but me realizes it, but the automotive industry is making a bunch of namby-pambies out of us. I went to the Automobile Show a couple of weeks ago and what I saw there made me feel that perhaps we should have stuck to the horse, or at least called a halt to improvements when the Model T Ford was at its height (about seven feet from the ground).

Shucks, back in those days (I could go back further but I don't remember much about cars because I was busy trying to pass my Second Class Scout tests, and never did) people got some excitement out of driving. There weren't any such things as automatic starting, knee-action wheels, aerodynamic bodies, synchro-mesh gears, blowout-proof tires, accurate instruments, and other softening influences. You went out to your garage in the morning with a high sense of adventure; there was a latent challenge in the angular old Ford that made individual transportation an exciting gamble. "I wonder," you'd ask yourself, "if the ——— thing will start this morning?"

The first thing you did was test the

gas supply. There were no Neon lights or other gadgets to tell you. What you had to do was yank up the front seat (through the bottom of which always protruded two or three coil springs), untwirl the cap (which always spun loose and clattered down between the tank and the back of the seat), and feel around under the worn rubber floor mat for the measuring stick (an old twelve-inch ruler caked with dirt and grease), which you dropped into the tank opening. If two inches of the ruler came up wet you didn't worry about gas. Not until later, when you ran out of it in the middle of traffic.

The next step in starting was to crank the car, an operation that sometimes became so involved (what with running to and fro between the crank and the steering wheel) that a description here would be endless. The chances, though, were two to one against you that you could get away with it without breaking your arm or wrist, or having the back of your hand gashed by the mulish crank. This kept you out of the office for several days but was scarcely worthwhile otherwise.

Once warmed up, with the spark coils under the dash buzzing contented-

ly and the fenders flapping, the old Ford usually kept going, but there were incidental features that kept alive the delightful feeling of uncertainty. Tires, for instance. When one of them blew, you got more exercise out of wrestling with those old clincher rims than you would today wrestling with Jim Londos; and the last thing you did before pumping air into the new tube was pinch a hole in it with a tire iron. Take going up steep hills, for another example. The gas, delivered down to the carbureter by gravity, would comply with the law and refuse to run upward, so that it was often necessary to drive uphill backwards, a little feature that made you late for parties and trains.

AS for the actual riding qualities of the car, this business of trick spring mountings, patent shock absorbers, and vibrationless motors was something for the future, when man would become soft and spongy and useless. In the old Ford you jolted and bounced and shook and slid around in your seat and clung determinedly and of necessity to the steering wheel, which vibrated so much that it made your hands itch. You were also careful to keep your tongue from getting between your teeth. Your muscles flexed and relaxed with the bumps, and when you reached your destination you felt as though you had had a workout, which you had. Talk about physical training! Your feet were tired from jamming pedals, your arms were tired from steering, and you were tired all over from slamming the doors, not once but eight times, whenever a passenger got in or out. And if you had been so unfortunate as to get caught in a rainstorm, and had been forced to raise the one-man (sic) top and fit the impossible jigsaw side curtains, you were in fine condition, ready to fight anybody.

What about today? A man goes out to the garage, starts the car by twiddling a switch, spins smoothly to his destination, and gets out just as fresh as he got into the car. The doors lock automatically, the glass is unbreakable, and unless he has his keys he goes home in a street car. What stuff!

—Gurney Williams.

You never hear of blind men joining nudist colonies but we don't see why not. They certainly ought to be able to feel their way around.



"I went horseback riding yesterday."



Sinbad

"This is the Schulte Room. We furnished it with cigar coupons."



from twenty-two thousand dollars up, according to how dirty it's got itself since its last bath.

I asked to see a price list and it turned out to be a closely printed volume about the size of a Manhattan Telephone Book. Mr. Grimes noticed my surprise and added to it by saying that there are lots of things they have cleaned that aren't on the list because there is only one of them, like the Taj Mahal, which they prettied up once for The Sawarak of Jhunniphar. They cleaned out his harem and did eighty elephants of his while they were over there. "Threw them in as a concession on the Taj contract," Mr. Grimes said. He said they put the Brooklyn Bridge in so people could get

PURITY

I SUPPOSE everything has an equal right to get good and dirty in this town, and it's true that some mighty odd things are sent out to be cleaned. The Next to Godliness Cleaning Company over at 98th Street and the East River have been advertising for some time that they will clean anything. I'd heard that some peculiar things turned up over there begging purification and decided to see about it. Before looking over the plant, I talked with Mr. Grimes, The Next to Godliness's Founder and President, who told me that he actually started on a shoestring. Until 1923, he ran a little cleaning and pressing place in the East Seventies and was impressed with the number of fussy Park Avenue people who sent around their shoestrings every week to be dry-cleaned. He got the idea that there must be lots of things that ought to be cleaned that folks wouldn't think of sending to their regular cleaner and were probably just letting get dirtier and dirtier until they had to be thrown away.

He staked all his savings on advertising the fact that he would clean anything, and

luckily got a terrific blast of publicity the very first week of the new venture when an eccentric Brooklyn millionaire hired him to clean the Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Grimes said he didn't have any idea how they would do the job when they took it, but it turned out fine. Now the bridge is on their regular price list and you can get it cleaned for

an idea of bridge prices.

Glancing through the price list, the first odd item I noticed in the A's was Alphabet, listed at 3c per pound. Mr. Grimes told me that a couple of years ago, fourteen tons of alphabet for alphabet soup were dumped into the East River near their plant when an alphabet barge, headed for the prison kitchens on



"We like your plans for our new clubhouse but we don't like the shade of blue you used for the blue prints."



"For a nagger, she made the best fried chicken I ever tasted!"

Welfare Island, capsized. It seems that tons of this alphabet are used every year in sending messages to prisoners in solitary confinement on the island. The cooks can be bribed to send any message up to twenty words in a bowl of soup for five dollars. This is known in the prison dining rooms as "Straight Message Soup." Once in a while someone sends a big gangster a bowl of "Day Letter Soup." This is very difficult to prepare as it may contain up to a hundred words all of which may be in code. A good Day Letter Soup Cook has been known to demand and receive as much as a hundred dollars for a bowl of this surreptitious broth.

The biscuit company that was shipping this alphabet scooped up about ten tons of it from the river bed, decided it had to be cleaned, and The Next to Godliness people naturally got the job. They had to discard all the A's, B's, K's, M's, R's, W's, and X's as they were too complicated in shape to clean. It took sixteen girls seven weeks to sort the letters. The rest came out as good as new and has long since spelled escape or doom to the convicts who devoured it.

LOTS of preparations used are secret formulas and Mr. Grimes said it was just as well because fussy people wouldn't like it much if they knew what some of the things they wore were dipped in

when cleaned. It seems that certain bad odors can only be equalized by the use of equally obnoxious odors of a different character; for example, skunk odor can only be overcome by the use of fermented oil of sweetbreads, and visa versa. Once they had to clean

a Mayor of New York City in a hurry so he could hand a scroll to a Queen. He had wandered away from a party the night before and collapsed in an extra fragrant bog and any amount of baths did no good. They gave him an anaesthetic and just experimented on him until they found the right thing to do; had him smelling all sorts of ways in the process. If you want to write in and you sound all right, I might send you the formula in a plain envelope.

Leaving the plant, I peeked through a door that was ajar near the office, and saw a man having some tattoo removed from his tummy. —Hugh Troy.

Buy Now!

ILL take a new ermine evening coat,
A trip abroad on a five-day boat,
A green jade ring that's smooth to the touch,
And the sort of facial that costs too much,
A Persian rug for the guest-room floor,
And—give me a second to think up more.

I'll gladly buy for the N. R. A.,
But what is my husband going to say?
—Marion Sturges-Jones.



"No consideration for us! They just leave things where they throw them."

THE FACTS OF LIFE

Or, How Should I Tell My Child?

By Dr. Seuss

Part I

Foreword to Bashful Parents

SOMEHOW, by hook or by crook, your child *must* be told. "But how?" you ask blushing . . . and you shove the matter off day after day, year after year. . . . And the first thing you know your baby has blundered ignorantly through adolescence into willy-nilly adulthood and is awkwardly facing the very same problem of how to tell his own children something he never has learned himself.

And thus it happens that practically no one at all knows anything about the Facts of Life. The author knows of one case of a family in which three entire generations were abysmally ignorant of where they came from, how and why.

Then, finally, in the fourth generation there arose a prodigy. In a hit or miss fashion he pieced the whole story together from fragments of a chance conversation he had overheard between the maid and the man who came to fix the electric flatiron.

With the fortitude of a missionary, this brave tot went straight to his grandfather and let him in on everything. But, alas, by this time the old man's memory was too far gone.

"Run away," he said curtly, "and let me read my paper." Disillusioned by

his grand-dad's apathy, the child did run away, and rapidly deteriorated into a chronic cenobite.

It was to forestall such a tragedy as this in his own family that the author came to prepare this little volume. There was his nephew, little Quackenbush. Little Quackenbush was growing like a weed, threatening daily to burst into the full bloom of long trousers and all that goes with them. And yet, his embarrassed parents had told him nothing. To the author it seemed a horrible thing.

They (the parents) had launched him on the treacherous seas (of life); they had furnished him with an excellent boat (his body); they had given him oars (his mind); but now they had refused to equip him with oarlocks (sane sex instruction)!

It was to furnish these oarlocks that the author took little Quackenbush on numerous little Nature Walks into the Bronx.

Sex had to be faced, for sex is ubiquitous. Neither the author's little Quackenbush or your little Quackenbush can ever hope to dodge it. They will find it in cities; they will meet it in hamlets. Nor can they escape it by hiding in precincts.



In some kiddies' minds the Stork and the Doctor are hopelessly garbled.

CHAP. I

The Stork, Scientifically Evaluated

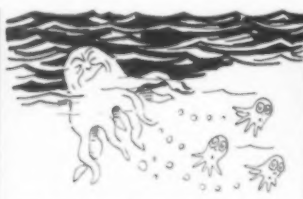
FOR a long time that first evening little Quackenbush and I walked along in silence. Hand in hand we strolled up into the Bronx. He was scarcely more than a child, it seemed, with the bright blue eyes of a cherub. His boyish pelt was soft and peachlike, and his voice was a dainty soprano.

As I looked down on him in the mellow glow of the street lamp on the corner of 145th Street I could not help but think of him as an unsprouted tulip bulb. And I realized more than ever that the task before me must be accomplished with rapidity. Any day now this fleeting phase of lambent boyhood might be swept away. For adolescence comes on like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.

It was difficult—almost a bit embarrassing to get started tonight, this first of all Walk Nights. Before I could



100,000,000 B.C. First pollen carried between daisies.



90,000,000 B.C. The jellyfish discovers he can reproduce himself merely by grunting.



2,080,000 B.C. Snails prove that two can live cheaper than one.



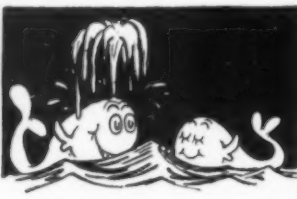
1,647,829 B.C. Experiments between reindeer and dachshund result in fiasco.



998,000 B.C. Elephant eggs prove impractical.



800,000 B.C. Last surviving female dodo turns down last surviving male.



720,000 B.C. Whale develops spout in order to keep cooler.



690,003 B.C. Hen lays solid china darning egg.

THE BIOLOGICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF HISTORY

launch into the *real* facts of life, I realized I must first tear down that bugaboo of all sex educators . . . the pernicious Myth of the Stork. Before building my edifice, I must first clear the ground of its rubble and ruck.

Time and again I tried to break the ice . . . and faltered. But at the corner of 150th Street little Quackenbush himself solved the problem.

Instead of continuing along the street, he wheeled abruptly and marched me into a drug store.

"Uncle," he said curtly. "I don't understand you at all tonight. When we started out, you said we were after two things,—a marshmallow sundae and sane sex enlightenment. What about the sundae?"

I did not answer. A sudden inspiration had cleared up everything. I would use the marshmallow sundae as a stepping stone!

"One dish of plain ice cream," I said to the drug clerk. He scooped it out and placed it before me.

PLUNGING my hand into my pocket I drew out its contents. Three paper clips, an old eraser, a suspender button and some scraps of tobacco. Without saying a word, I dumped them all over the ice cream.

"Here, Quackenbush," I said as I shoved it before him. "Eat your marshmallow sundae."

The poor lad's jaw dropped. "Uncle!" he gasped. "That's not a marshmallow sundae. That's a paper clip, eraser and suspender button sundae!"

I beamed. He was catching on admirably. I took up a spoon and flipped the debris off the ice cream onto the floor.

"Look, Quackenbush," I said. "Before building a marshmallow sundae, we must first clear off all the rubble and ruck. And it's exactly the same with sex education. Before I can tell you anything at all, I must first clear your mind of its impediments. I refer, of course, to your belief in the stork."

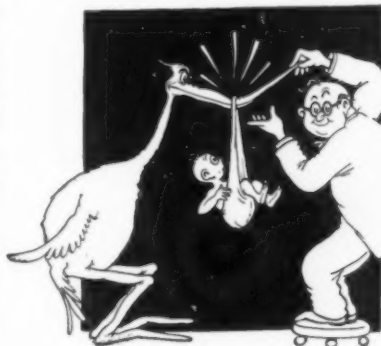
"Put some marshmallow on this ice cream," Quackenbush said to the drug clerk. He turned to me. "You mean to say that the stork idea is rubble and ruck?"

"Exactly," I retorted. "And I can prove it."

"Never," asserted Quackenbush. "Daddy told me all about the stork. Daddy is always right." He began to eat his sundae.

I had, of course, expected this stumbling block, and I was well prepared for it.

"Quackenbush," I said. "Let me tell you a story . . . a true story. It's about



Supplementary Anti-stork Evidence: the buckling point of the bill is 6½ lbs. (The average new baby weighs 7¼ lbs.)

a man named Fepp . . . how he made up the stork story, and how sadly he came to regret it."

Quackenbush looked sceptical. Undaunted, I launched headlong into my narrative.

"Fepp was to blame for it all. Prior to Fepp all parents the world over were honest with their children. When a child asked, 'Daddy, where did I come from?' the parent hurled the truth at him straight from the shoulder. But not so Fepp.

"Fepp had a son named Albermarle. When little Albermarle—this was back in 1880—when little Albermarle climbed on his father's knee and asked that innocent question, Fepp did not wish to be bothered. For a moment he

simply scowled. Then a slight commotion in the canary cage attracted his attention. He looked up. The Fepp canary was a longish sort of a bird and it gave him an idea. 'You were brought . . . oh you were brought by a stork, my child,' he said. 'Now let me read my paper.'"

"It was exactly the same when I asked my daddy," burst in Quackenbush. "Only my daddy said, 'Oh you were brought by a stork my child. Now let me hang these awnings.'"

"Fepp thought no more about the matter," I went on, "but the stork stuck in poor little Albermarle's mind. Not only did he remember it, but he believed it implicitly. It was romantic, exciting! His pulse quickened when he thought of it . . . that ride in a bundle on the beak of a stork! He could feel the cool wind on his cheeks. He could hear the firm beat of the stork's sturdy wings. It tickled his fancy.

"Now it so happened that the Fepps lived on Staten Island. The Island at that time was but sparsely populated. There was only one school. In no time at all little Albermarle had spread the gospel of the stork to every last boy and girl. Their fancies too were tickled. Mr. Fepp's fable was acclaimed as a fact."

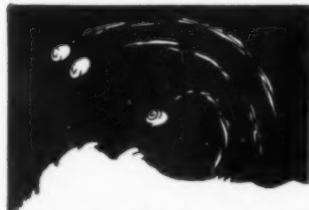
QUACKENBUSH was starting his second sundae, but listening carefully all the time.

"Years passed," I continued. "The little boys and girls of Staten Island grew up and married. And what do you suppose happened?"

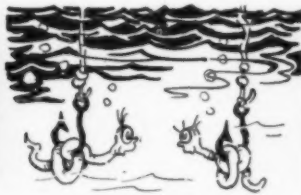
"I don't know," said Quackenbush. "What did happen?"

"Nothing at all," I retorted. "Absolutely nothing. That's just the trouble. The young folk simply hung around their houses waiting for storks. They fitted out nurseries. They bought layettes and cribs, bottles and bibs, safety pins, hobby horses, Kiddie Kars and colic cures. But no little strangers

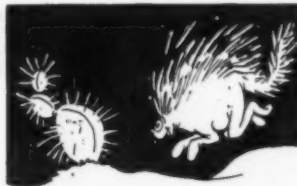
(Continued on page 37)



500,000 B.C. Mexican jumping bean's wife elopes, proving survival of the fittest.



400,000 B.C. The sole members of the Pitzu worm family meet when it's too late.



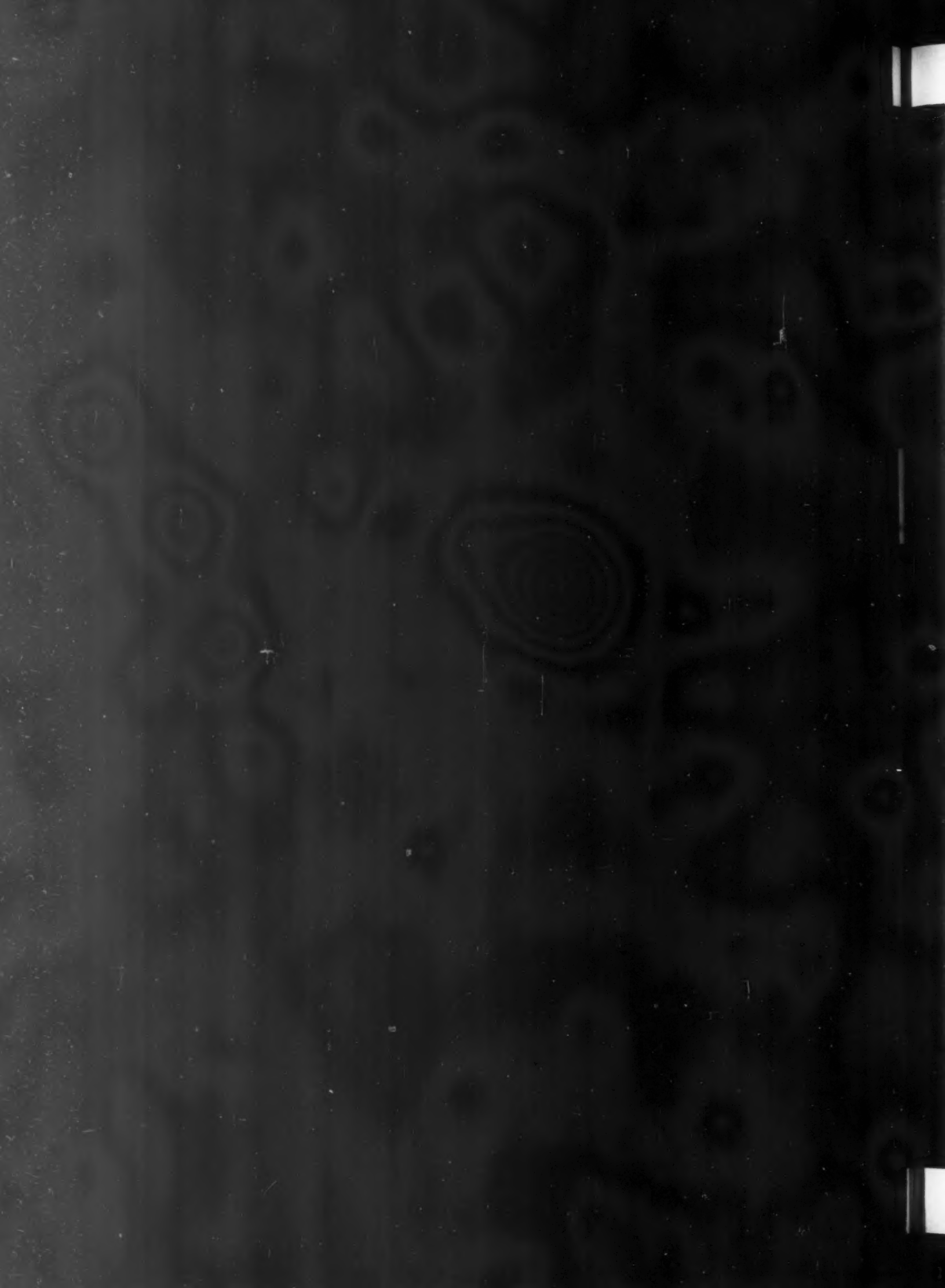
300,000 B.C. Near-sighted porcupine mistakes cactus for his girl-friend.



250,000 B.C. The first iceman.







*Yet her dressing table
is 20 miles away*

One of the nicest satisfactions of traveling in a car with Body by Fisher is the calm confidence you have of being approved on arrival. You are ready for admiration, without slipping away somewhere to repair the damage done by rumpling winds or unkind drafts on the way. Yet Fisher No Draft Ventilation is only one satisfaction of owning a car with Body by Fisher, especially the newest models. For these have room — ample, spacious, luxurious, restful room — a degree of rare comfort and of substantial safety more pronounced than ever before. When you examine this year's Fisher improvements you will agree it is even more important for you to own a General Motors car, for these are the only cars with Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher



on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET
PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC



VOL. 101

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2587

AMONG the more pathetic memories lingering from the holiday season was the picture of Miss Barbara Hutton appealing to the court about her allowance. It seems that prior to her recent coming of age, an event which practically stopped traffic on two continents, Miss Hutton's share in Grandmother Woolworth's estate was in the hands of the Surrogate of Suffolk County, New York. At intervals it was customary for Miss Hutton or her father to petition the court for a little extra spending money. With her marriage to Prince Alexis Mdivani it was plain that the allowance of \$300,000 a year which she had been receiving was not going to be enough. She was asking that it be increased to \$400,000 a year on the ground that unless she got accustomed to spending the income on her fortune she was going to be in a pretty predicament when she eventually came into the whole amount.

When she was eighteen, she was petitioning, according to the surrogate's records, for a private railroad car. It turns out that a private railroad car is a very essential thing when one is compelled to course rapidly between a home in Palm Beach and a summer home in Newport. The cost of the car was \$120,000 and Miss Hutton was particularly anxious to have it so that her aunts, Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Donahue who rode on their own private cushions, should not be embarrassed by the sight of their niece in the day coach.

THERE was also the matter of the remodeling of the Fifth Avenue apartment which would come to another \$300,000, with an additional \$70,000 for the yearly maintenance. This money, together with that of Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Donahue and of her father, Franklyn Hutton, and of his brother and his brother's wife, came from the estate of Frank Woolworth, the five and ten cent store monarch.

Barbara Hutton was left an estate valued at \$18,472,290, which her father has since expanded to \$40,856,614. If Mr. Hutton's statement to the court that the two aunts and the others mentioned have "wealth at least equal to hers" is accurate, it will be seen what can be done with a good merchandising idea. The total fortune of the Woolworth heirs, according to these figures, is something in the neighborhood of \$250,000,000, which laid end to end in dimes would be unbearable.

The romantic part, naturally, is the fact that Miss Hutton is now a princess on a honeymoon trip around the world. Just what status a Georgian prince holds has never been clearly established. The other two Mdivani boys have recently been divorced by Mae Murray and Mary McCormic, screen actress and opera singer respectively. The evidence seems to be that they were a little expensive as husbands. In some quarters it has been held that a Georgian prince is to be compared roughly with an American justice of the peace, but that is probably exaggerated. And in any event, it matters very little. A prince is a prince and even on a depressed market, they come at a figure. Miss Hutton has her title and her money and the ladies at Woolworth who made it possible on a few dollars a week have their romance by proxy.



AFTER JOHN AMES MITCHELL IN LIFE, 1883.

The petitions to the Surrogate constitute, in our opinion, papers of historic importance. They are living pictures of the problem America is facing. How are we to bridge the gap between the millions in want and the one half of one percent who possess the bulk of our wealth? Prince Mdivani is himself an example of what can happen when the gap is not bridged. Georgia is now part of the Soviet Union, Prince Mdivani and his royal friends are scattered a bit recklessly about the world and the son of a Georgian shoemaker named Stalin is head of the Soviet Union.

IT would be easy to be humorous about the plight of the Princess Mdivani but the facts are too serious. Her father, in one petition to the court, said:

"My daughter, for her own safety and welfare in later years, must be brought up surrounded by the luxury and comfort to which her income entitles her. . . ."

On the other hand, many very excellent people—millions of them—must be brought up surrounded by the squalor and misery to which their relief dole and dollar a day relief work forces them.

However, it cannot be said that the Princess is blind to the state of affairs about her. Among her many petitions was one asking that the court set aside \$25,000 for relief purposes. "I believe it the duty of all who can to aid in contributing substantial sums." This seems to us the plainest of logic. If all of us would contribute one-sixteen hundredth of our estate, these conditions would not long remain as they are.

Scientists have named two new planets 19,123 WB and 19,123 WE, but they still haven't identified the woolly stuff that collects in overcoat pockets.

That sea serpent people are seeing in Scotland sounds to us like a prehistoric hangover.

The NRA now has its second wind, and Congress its seventy-third.

If inflation becomes a reality, what this country will need is a good five-dollar cigar.



The Guy from Mars

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

I READ in a Nature magazine the other day that the penguin carries its child on its foot. Swell idea. There's many a kid I've felt like giving the boot myself.

Guess I just don't have the right attitude towards tiny tots. Maybe it's because my incoming mail lately has consisted mostly of those little cards with storks on them, and I'm dizzy from knitting socks. Judging from the way things are going, they picked the wrong bird for the NRA sign.

The country is full of babies and rumors of babies. Why, even Jean Harlow came out the other day and said she wants to have one as soon as possible. In spite of a bad case of knitters' arm, still I do think it's awfully sweet the way everybody is wanting children. Only thing is, I feel that most people are too haphazard about founding families.

Take for instance, lots of people thoughtlessly have a girl first and then a boy. Well, any girl who has been harassed by a kid brother barging in on her every few minutes while she's entertaining a date knows that a lineup like that is a mistake. Another common error among

parents is to have a couple of girls close together, or even, sometimes, twins. This layout may be OK if you're wealthy enough to live in a big house, but for the average parents it is a very foolish arrangement. It means that later on in life the girls must double up on dates in the parlor, or else the one with the weaker personality will be obliged to entertain in the kitchen.

If you want to avoid future trouble, you'd better give a thought to such



*"It's a fine, big baby, and the perfect image of your husband."
"Oh dear, I was afraid of that!"*

matters. But after all, no matter how you work it, there's nothing like a little child to keep things cosy in the home. I was talking with Muriel Evans this



"John! Remember that's a baby you're holding—NOT a cocktail shaker!"

afternoon while she was out wheeling the pram. "Really," she told me, "I was on the verge of leaving Melvin. My nerves were shot. Every time we got into an argument, Melvin always won because he can yell louder than I can. But since dear little Junior arrived, we have to argue in whispers. So now everything's rosy!"

And there is the case of Al and Sue Smith, whose marriage was about to go on the rocks because of an unfortunate habit of Al's. Sue had her appendix out, and no sooner got home from the hospital full of talk about her operation than Al's appendix burst and he had to

be hauled away. Then Sue sprained her ankle, and what should Al do but fall down and break a leg! It was nip and tuck for months. Whatever Sue did, Al would go her one better. No woman alive could stand such competition. Finally, Sue simply up and had a baby. "And that," she told me triumphantly, "was that!"

In many ways it's awfully convenient having children these days. Junior's croup is a swell excuse for staying home from a lot of boring parties. And with dozens of patent foods

on the market, all you need to do is lay in a case, buy a can opener, and practically anybody can raise your baby for you. Which makes it handy.

HOWEVER, nobody has yet invented anything that will keep a child from inheriting its father's nose. And what with all the trick new methods of training children that prevent the child from getting an inferiority complex while at the same time giving its parents a bad one, they are still nothing if not a problem. But we may as well face the facts. The fashion note for the younger married set in 1934 is: Having a baby this year? You should be!

I got a notice this morning from my high school alma mater about a class reunion next month. Down at the bottom it said in great big letters: "Come back, girls, and bring your babies!"

Gosh, and all I've got is a horse and a Great Dane! Is my face red!

Elaine the Lily Maid

My hips are thin and my cheeks are pale,
And I'd like to see Mae West in jail.

—M. F.

Speaking of LIQUOR CONTROL...



STAY *on the alkaline side!*

White Rock is mildly alkaline and tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with . . . **Better for you.**



"WHEN!"

RYE HIGH

Say "when" to rye or bourbon and then say "White Rock." Have done with sweet mixers! Keep it dry!



"PU-LEASE MR HEMINGWAY"

SCOTCH HIGH

Flavor and bouquet are back. White Rock brings them out. Doesn't bury them. It is dry and thirst-quenching.



OLD FASHIONED

A squat glass. Lump of sugar. Dash of bitters. Ice. Rye to judgment. Garnish with fruit. Level off with White Rock.



. . . those famous gin COOLERS are back!



TOM COLLINS

Lemon juice. Gin. Sugar. Ice. Plenty White Rock. Don't spare the bottle.



GIN FIZZ

Sugar. Lemon juice. Gin. Ice. Highball glass. Make it fizz with White Rock.



THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW
UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

Installment No. 7

IT is easier for real estate agents to rent out rooms numbered 711 in New York office buildings, than rooms bearing any other number.

The only person who ever smoked in the Mormon Tabernacle was President Harding, who was granted permission to light a cigaret.

A theatre in Madrid supplies free umbrellas to patrons in case of rain.

King George V hasn't read in bed since he was a boy.

John W. Davis smokes seventy-five-cent cigars.

The thirty-five thousand men in the army and navy of Chile include seventy-seven generals and forty-seven admirals.

A new cemetery in Montreal forbids the erection of tombstones.

An autograph of George Washington commands a price approximately ten times higher than one of Theodore Roosevelt.

More than fifteen hundred different types of automobiles have been produced in the United States, of which only about thirty survive.

In the entire history of the United States before Prohibition, only twenty distillers were arraigned for cheating their customers.

When you hear a grasshopper chirp, you can be sure it is warmer than sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The insect is silent at colder temperatures.

When a movement was started to re-name "Main Street" in Kansas City, to remove the suggestion of "hick-townishness," Main Street merchants wouldn't permit the change.

More than two per cent of the people in the United States are named either Smith or Jones or Johnson.

Neolithic and paleolithic cave-wall sculptures and scratchings show that the caveman's idea of a beautiful woman's figure was one that was almost as fat as it was tall.

Since the Washington Monument was illuminated in 1931, an average of ten birds a day have been braining themselves against it.

A pawn ticket dated 1857 was discovered in St. Louis which discloses that Ulysses S. Grant had hocked his watch and chain for twenty-two dollars.

Japan is the earthquakingest country on the globe. It averages six tremors a day.

The number of newspapers in Soviet Russia has increased a thousand per cent in the last five years.

A New York City cafeteria that installed a soundproof ceiling lost so much patronage that the soundproofing had to be removed.

The only notable increase in Sunday school attendance in the world in recent years has been in Africa.

Plastic surgeons claim that more men have their faces lifted than women.

—W. E. Farbstein.



"You're nice!"

TWO GREAT WHISKIES



IT IS NEARLY seventy years since Colonel Paul Jones mixed his first mash and fired his first still.

To the whiskey he gave his own name—and the name, too, of the fighting first admiral of the American navy. This is the whiskey you may buy today, smooth and mellow and fragrant as ever.

Worthy to stand beside Paul Jones is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskeys.

Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization. The oldest brand of this Company, Paul Jones, was started in 1865. Even during prohibition, the Company continued to operate,



under one of the seven medicinal licenses granted by the government.

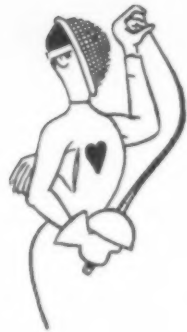
The exclusive Frankfort Pack safeguards the quality

The Frankfort whiskeys shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, used only by Frankfort, is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the fine, pure liquor that was placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other superb whiskeys: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper. All of these whiskeys are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Baltimore.



This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful



• THE •
COLLEGE PARADE



"DID I leave an umbrella here, yesterday?"

"What kind of an umbrella?"

"Oh, any kind. I'm not fussy."

—California Pelican.

"Why were there so few girl athletes in the gay 90's?"

"They were all bustle-bound."

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

"Had a rather bad time at the Drakes' dinner. I told Mrs. Drake how well she looked in a bustle."

"What's wrong with that?"

"She wasn't wearing a bustle."

—Harvard Lampon.

ISN'T IT GREAT TO HAVE
LIQUOR BACK?

No more saving
Cards and keys;
No more begging
"Won't you please
Unlock your door? You
Must remember,
I was here once
Last December."
Marble bathtubs
And the tin ones
Now show soap rings
'Stead of gin ones.
No more hurling
Vile invectives
At triumphant
House detectives
Who come snooping
Under tables
Looking for
Illicit labels.

Now that liquor's on the level,
I may change my plans. I'm thinking
Of forsaking friend the devil:
There is no more thrill in drinking.

—California Pelican.

RUTH: How do you know he was drunk?

DORIS: Well, he shook the clothes-tree and then started to feel around the floor for some apples.

—Brown Jug.

"Is your poor husband gone?" ventured the minister, seeing an aged woman of the parish had put on heavy mourning.

"Oh, no, suh, he ain't dead."

"Why are you wearing black then?"

"Well, suh, the old man nagged an' bothered me so much that I've went into mournin' again fo' mah fust husband."

—Lehigh Burr.

Our idea of a total loss is a commercial by-product that can't be made into either a breakfast food or wall-board.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

"I'm going to the hospital to-morrow for an operation."

"Good luck to you. I hope everything comes out all right."

—Lehigh Burr.



"Yes, West Point sent a new Gregory home to us."

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

"I'm forgetting women."

"So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible."

—California Pelican.

LADY MACBETH: Have I told you about my apparition?

—Columbia Jester.

Faculty Minds at Work

"THE text book for this course is written by me—but I cannot remember its name."—Prof. Shimer, Geology Dept., M.I.T.

"I have never laid an egg."—Prof. Ross, English Dept., Dartmouth.

"In order to be able to cover speeches thoroughly, it is necessary to learn to listen with one ear and write with the other."—Prof. Grant M. Hyde, Journalism Dept., Wisconsin.

"I dislike asterisks in stories; give me the facts."—Prof. Hartman, English Dept., Bowdoin College.

"Discriminating against a man on the grounds of whether or not he puts salt in his beer, is going too far."—Prof. Thompson, Public Law, Stanford.

"For the first time this summer I interviewed some prospective mothers about sending their sons to college."—Prof. J. E. Reeves, English Dept., Westminster College.

Attention Undergraduates!

LIFE will pay \$2 each for "Faculty Minds at Work" items. Don't fall asleep in your classes; keep your ears pinned back for statements from your profs and send them to Dept. CP, LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, giving name of instructor, course, and college.

Take a headache for example



MAYBE YOU OVER INDULGED the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache *stops*. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head

clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced compound* of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable

GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Daze Without End

IN Eugene O'Neill's latest play, *Days Without End*, a wife tries to commit suicide by going out walking in the rain without her galoshes. She has just learned that her husband has been untrue to her. This makes her wish she had pneumonia. (She is just getting over the influenza.)

"It's cold and raining outside," says someone a couple of times.

This gives her the idea of going out without her galoshes. On top of her influenza this ought to be pretty fatal.

Mr. O'Neill doesn't see for a minute that this is funny.

The husband is one of those two-person people of whom Mr. O'Neill is so fond. (Mr. O'Neill is very much impressed with his discovery that each of us is dual.) In *Days Without End*, the husband's other self, his spiritual sparring partner, is at his side all the time. The effect is something like that of a ventriloquist and his dummy. Mike and Ike. Still, it makes work for one more actor, and that is completely in tune with the NRA. I gave this other unattractive fellow the nickname of "Old Stomach Ulcers." He is, according to O'Neill, the skeptic in conflict with the religious instincts of our hero.

Between acts I went outside and stood in a draft and hoped I would catch cold.

Mr. O'Neill here forsakes the sanity and maturity and perception which he put into *Ab, Wilderness!*, and goes back to the arrested development which characterized most of his previous plays. Some time I must tell you about the story I wrote, as a college freshman, of a sensitive young professor in a medical college, whose wife had just died, and who stood looking into a vat of cadavers in his dissecting laboratory and who soliloquized on life and death a while, and finally concluded that death is supreme and jumped into the pickling solution as the solution for everything. I, too, was deep in my day.

Eugene O'Neill is in this play nothing if not embarrassing. He talks with headache pseudo-profundity . . . as if he had just discovered the puzzling pain of life . . . which any washwoman knows as well as he . . . and which most of us refrain from discussing in decent company . . . and which most of us solve for ourselves, not by writing *Days Without End* and not by going out without our galoshes, but by buying ourselves a good bird dog or a chocolate ice cream soda and making the most of them.

IT has been the thing to pan Hepburn. New York critics have pounced on her and on *The Lake* almost unanimously. And it has seemed to me to be not individual critical re-



Mr. O'Neill, in a Blue Eagle mood, calls for two actors to play the lead in *Days Without End*.

action, but a sort of mob hydrophobia. New York is guilty of this at times. I, for one, think Hepburn is wonderful, and that *The Lake* is well worth \$3.30.

The whole town seems to have gone to the opening night with an expectation of something between a *Descension of Little Eva* and a *Second Coming of Bernhardt*, and maybe that's where I gained by my habitual skepticism. I was just out to kill an evening, not to witness the birth of a nation, and I got plenty of velvet. I hadn't sold my soul for my tickets, and I hadn't cancelled an engagement with Dorothy Parker.

And maybe I gained by going the fourth night instead of the first. Maybe Hepburn was what the critics say she was, on her opening night. It was a tough spot for any slim girl. I'd like to

see Percy Hammond or Bob Benchley in a similar spot.

Or maybe I'm just too easy. As a rule, my attitude is that anything that doesn't have to be walked out on is wonderful.

Katharine Hepburn has long lines of body and an absence of third dimension, and a skull structure that must set every artist's sketch pad athirst. And she seems to me to be as evanescent as somebody on a death bed. I'd like to crawl over the footlights onto the silver screen and protect her from the bludgeonings that beset her. She is a flame threatening to go out, a soul attempting to flicker in a much too material world. And she has the intellect to realize exactly the appeals that she has and to play them for all they are worth. She has the stuff that a great actress is made of, and I hope she eats her spinach.

I could pick at the play. It is one of those English country things in which the master is a dear old garden-lover and the mother is something of a polite English bitch, and the playwright no doubt tries a bit too hard to be Ibsen, with all his talk about that lake which becomes a sort of offstage menace and seems to threaten to come right into the house and gobble somebody. (You almost feel like crying "Lake, stay away from that door!" and indeed it is the lake which eventually brings disaster to our Katharine.)

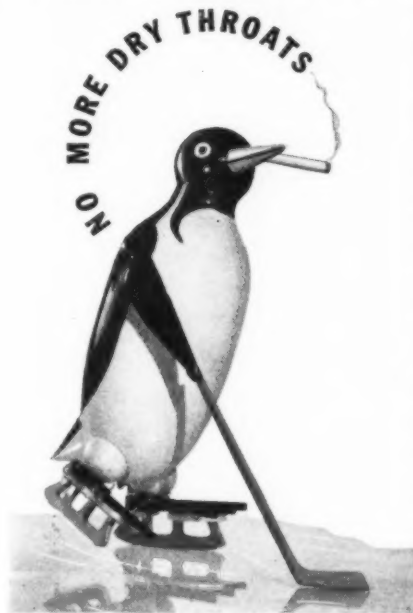
There hasn't ever been a better all-around cast than that with which Jed Harris has surrounded Miss Hepburn, and

that in itself was a trifle mean. I got an especial crush on Blanche Bates as a hard-boiled bachelor auntie, who can understand fully why Katharine should react to motherly restraint by falling in love with a married neighbor and then dash out of this into the shelter of marriage with a man for whom she thinks she has no real affection. And there is Frances Starr, excellent in what might be a pretty stereotyped rôle of a mother who knows exactly what everybody must do next, and who cuts down a lot of beautiful trees to make room for the lake which causes all the trouble. (Only God can make a tree but you can practically get a lake from Sears, Roebuck.) And other expensive players.

I do think that Katharine Hepburn profits much by the amplification and magnification of the talking screen, but

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



KOOLS have taken the dry throat out of steady smoking and put more real cigarette pleasure into your life. They're mildly mentholated. The smoke is cooler—decidedly refreshing. But the mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. The cork tips protect lips. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

she is a young woman thoroughly wired for heart-appeal, and, until further notice, I think she should be seen in anything she attempts on stage or screen.

A LOT of couples will start fighting on their way home from *Big Hearted Herbert*.

"That man was just like you," wives will say.

"Yes, he was . . . er . . . but there are two sides to everything. Women and kids have it pretty soft, these days. Bridge and servants. Why, when I was a boy, I had to . . ." and then they'll practically re-enact the play, and so on far into the night. And that's what's good about *Big Hearted Herbert*.

Big Hearted Herbert is a grand cartoon of family life—a glorified Briggs. There's the self-made father, steaming against the foibles of modern life, from colleges (nothing but big athletic institutions) to the necessity of having to kiss his wife goodbye every morning (a silly custom). The children ask their mother how she happened to marry such an onion, but the mother appreciates his underlying worth. Even I thought he showed up pretty well in comparison with those two Harvard guys to whom he was supposed to be so inferior.

When the daughter and mother take down the horrible chromo of Grandfather Kalness from over the fireplace and remove the brass cuspidor from the living room, there is more anxiety on the part of the audience as to what dad will do about it when he gets home, than there was at the old melodramas when the heroine, strapped to a log, approached the buzzsaw.

There is nothing funnier in the whole town than the scene in this show in which the Kalness family finally tames this overbearing father who pre-
(Continued on page 39)



Suicide gets into the blood at the O'Neill show



But IT'S FAIR
AND WARM
BY TELEPHONE!

ALL outdoors may be frowning, the thermometer close to zero, street travel an exhausting task. Yet to your telephone it is as clear and fair as a day in June.

Through all the days of the year, the telephone is your contact with the world beyond your door. Through storm and flood, an army of trained employees works ceaselessly along the highways of speech.

This very day, as you talk from the warmth and comfort of your home or office, a lineman may be scaling a pole far out on a frozen mountainside. So that the service may go on. So that you may talk to almost anyone, anywhere, at any time.

Make someone happy these winter days through a voice visit by telephone. A boy or girl at school, a mother or father in another city, or a good friend away on a visit. To most places 175 miles away, for example, the rate for a station-to-station call is 95c in the daytime, 85c after 7 P.M., and 55c after 8:30 P.M.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 11

By John C. Emery

♠ K-9-5		♠ 10-7-3						
♥ J-9-8-6-2		♥ Q-7-4						
♣ 9		♣ Q-10-7-6						
♦ A-Q-10-9		♦ 6-5-4						
♠ A-Q-6	<table border="1"> <tr><td>N</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>W</td><td>E</td></tr> <tr><td></td><td>S</td></tr> </table>	N		W	E		S	
N								
W		E						
		S						
♥ A-K-10-5-3								
♣ K-J								
♦ K-J-8								
♠ J-8-4-2								
♥ 0								
♣ A-8-5-4-3-2								
♦ 7-3-2								

THIS month's most fascinating bridge hand will delight those—of whom, alas, there are many—who find pleasure in the sufferings of their fellow bridge fans. Submitted by Harry J., of Highland Park, Ill., the hand represents the culmination of a long series of mishaps which won for Mr. J. the unenviable sobriquet of "Hard Luck Harry." "Everything that could go sour on this hand did so with a vengeance," mourns Mr. J., and this is almost a literal truth.

South was the dealer of the hand, and the bidding went like this:

THE BIDDING

	Hmm! Pass								
	Pass								
	Double								
Ah! 2 Hearts	<table border="1"> <tr><td>N</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>W</td><td>E</td></tr> <tr><td></td><td>S</td></tr> </table>	N		W	E		S	Tsk! 2 No trump	
N									
W		E							
		S							
3 Hearts	We-ell, 4 Hearts	Pass							
Attaboy! Pass									
Lead!									
	Pass								
	Pass								
	Ho hum! Pass								
	Pass								

Never one to overlook an opportunity to make a forcing bid, Mr. J., in the West position, leaped eagerly at the chance afforded by his rich honors. His partner's no-trump denial did not discourage him much, and when East finally bid the game in hearts, Mr. J., the optimist, was positively delighted. Not even North's double disturbed his equanimity, and he hummed a gay tune while waiting for the play to proceed.

North's opening lead was the 9 of clubs, and South took the trick with his ace. On this trick, Mr. J. threw his club king, to maintain a possible means of entry to the dummy in clubs. It was just his hard luck that South construed this as evidence that North had one

more club and Mr. J. none, and led a diamond—to the "weakest suit in sight"—instead of returning a club. This was a sad lead from Mr. J.'s standpoint, North taking the trick with his queen, snaring the next with his diamond ace and accumulating his "book" before Mr. J. could get started. Now let that hapless individual go on with the dreary story:

"After he cashed his ace, North led a third diamond and I took my first trick with the king," says Mr. J. "I still thought I might have a chance, but my

hopes were blasted when, on my lead of the trump ace, South threw off, proving that North's almost continuous dirty laughter had its basis in the fact that the trumps were stacked against me. I took another trick with my king of hearts, but when I followed this with my jack of clubs, North trumped to take the first setter. North then led another trump and I took the trick in dummy with the queen, returning the queen of clubs and throwing off a small spade from my hand. But North trumped this trick with his heart jack and returned his last diamond, which I had to trump. I got one more trick with my 10 of trumps and another on the ace of spades, but North took the last trick with his spade king, and I was set three doubled, on what should easily have been a game-going hand.

"AS nearly as I can figure out, everything that could happen to me did happen, including partner's poverty, fruitless finesses, deplorable distribution and luckless leads. Can you think of any bad breaks I didn't get?"

Yes, I can, Mr. J. The worst break of all was that no one proved to have too few cards, denying you the pleasure of throwing up the hand. That would have been, indeed, a merciful misdeal.



"This pair makes him look ten years younger."

The Facts of Life

(Continued from page 23)

came to enjoy them. From 1899 to 1901 not one single baby was born on the Island!"

Quackenbush was listening intently. I felt I was getting my idea across.

"Old man Fepp had no grandchild. Nobody had any grandchild. The older generation grew frantic. If this nonsense were allowed to go on, what would become of poor Staten Island? They called repeatedly on their married children. They begged them to forget the stork—to listen to reason. Those cribs *could* be filled. Now why not be sensible? But the young folks laughed. Give the birds a chance. The past year had been windy and the storks had been unable to get across from the mainland.

"News of the Island's plight spread to New York. A publisher specializing in sex books sent over a ferry load of pamphlets. The young folks were incensed. They dressed up like Indians, swarmed aboard the ferry and threw the things into the harbor. Medical missionaries invaded Staten Island. They were tarred and feathered.

"Poor old Fepp! Everyone knew he had started it all. He was socially ostracised. People sent him accusing letters. He couldn't sleep nights. Finally, able to bear it no longer, he determined to right the wrong he had wrought. He talked it over with his wife, and they hit on a plan. The first step in their plan was to have another baby!

"The Fepps by this time were going on seventy . . . but where there's a will there's a way, and after a certain passage of time they ran an ad in the local paper. All young folks in town were asked to gather before their verandah on a certain Tuesday morning.

"When the crowd was assembled, Mr. Fepp stepped out and addressed them as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen,' he announced simply, 'Mrs. Fepp and I are about to receive a visit from a little stranger, or, baby!'

"A murmur ran through the assemblage. A murmur of astonishment. . .

"At Last!" yelled the young folks. 'The stork has come back to Staten Island!'

"But Fepp held up his hand for silence. He shook his head sternly. 'I want you to understand,' he said, 'that when I started that stork story back in '80 I was talking through my hat. I have eaten those words many times

(Continued on page 46)

YOU FORGET, MOTHER, that I am

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THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans

GREAT GARBO'S performance in *Queen Christina* reminds me of a story, the tag line of which was, "Well, I guess that's telling 'em, fat lady."

Those of my not so gentle readers who have heard this ancient nifty will get the entire picture without further comment. To the others an explanation is due:

In the days of the silent films, Garbo was considered the last word. When the talkies came along her first word promised to be the last one. In other words, as an exponent of the English language, Miss Garbo was not so good. Even her employers admitted that she was barely colossal, which in our language means lousy.

But instead of folding up and scuttling back to her native land, as so many foreign stars did, Garbo dug in. She was not going to disappoint her loyal American film fans. She was not going to let down the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization that had been so good to her. And, incidentally, she was not going to pass up that Hollywood dough without a struggle.

So Garbo went to work, and *Queen Christina* is the result. In my opinion it is the finest thing she has ever done, talkie or silent. Not only has she made amazing strides in her conquest of the English language, but with this improved diction her acting has taken on added ease and grace.

She has more warmth, more human appeal than she has ever displayed before, which means that she is a better actress. And this includes her silent work. Even in those days her inability to speak and understand English was a big handicap, because she did not have this bond in common with her American film associates.

Having paid tribute to Miss Garbo's efforts, it is only fair to add that she was fortunate in having Rouben Mamoulian as her director in *Queen Christina*. With his great genius for scenery and lighting, Mr. Mamoulian has provided a background of convincing authenticity that amplifies every nuance of Garbo's artistry. (Come, come Evans, be yourself.)

Well, anyhow it is a good movie, but I don't want Mr. Mamoulian or any-



body else to think they were kidding me about the historical facts of the story. Christina, according to reliable authorities, was not the sort of a gal who would abdicate a throne for any one man. She took her fun in bunches, and the last thing she would ever have done would have been to take a long boat ride with a corpse. No indeed. Chris liked her boy friends to be up and about.

And another thing, Mr. Mamoulian. What is that bedroom scene all about? You know, the one where Garbo goes all around the room patting, petting and fondling the furniture.

Then there's that business of Garbo lying on the floor munching a bunch—I mean munching a bunch of grapes. In the first place it can't be done. I tried it, and the juice squeezes out on your chin and runs down into your ears. (And I would also be pleased if Miss Garbo will give me her reactions when that one grape missed her mouth and rolled down her back.)

One last squawk. I am not a sucker for happy endings, but I do believe the finish of *Queen Christina* should be more pleasant. Killing the hero in an unnecessary duel does little to add drama to the tale, and leaves Christina with no reward for the sacrifice of her kingdom other than a visit to her dead lover's home in Spain—"built on a white cliff overlooking the sea." (And may I remind the scenarist that just a few reels before this Christina had rebuked her Chancellor with this question—"Must we always live for the dead?")

FLYING DOWN TO RIO is

a badly written musical film which has two outstanding features. The first is a dance sequence featuring a new Argentine hoofing routine called "Carioca." Colorful, well executed, and much better than the usual mob scenes of team dancing. But, as is usually the case when the movies get hold of something good, they didn't know when to quit.

The second item, and one of real importance to movie fans, is the performance of Fred Astaire, who bears out the prediction of this department that he would click in the talkies the first time he was given a suitable opportunity. In his first film, *Dancing Lady*, he appeared with Joan Crawford, and for some reason the cameraman never seemed to quite know where he was. I mean to say that you would get a very clear view of Miss Crawford's dancing, but Mr. Astaire seemed to elude the lens. Because of his inability to stay in front of the camera for any length of time at a stretch, Mr. Astaire did not appear to be doing very much. In *Flying Down To Rio* Fred made friends with the cameraman before the picture started, so he does all right.

Which reminds me of a conversation that took place between Mr. Astaire and some of his friends after he had made *Dancing Lady*. They were discussing the dismal subject of the hereafter, and what they wanted done with their mortal remains.

"When I die," said one of them, "I want to be cremated. How about you Fred?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Astaire. "When I die I want to be buried in a Crawford-Gable movie."

(For briefer notes see page 40.)



"He used to be a customs inspector."

Going to the Theatre

(Continued from page 35)

comes to imagine that he is the head of his house. J. C. Nugent is great as the dad, and Elizabeth Risdon as the mother, and one show like this is worth a dozen *Days Without End*.

ZIEGFELD is gone and we will never have another real *Ziegfeld Follies*, but the Shuberts, who are producing an edition of the *Follies* in the name of Mrs. Ziegfeld (Billie Burke), have made a whole lot better stab at it than I thought they could. At least, it is the best revue I have ever seen the Shuberts do; Ziegfeld has, at any rate, done that much for show business by Remote Control. This version has some awfully dull stretches, but, though it may be sacrilege to say it, we must not forget that the original *Follies* had some awfully dull stretches once in a while. These *Follies* lack the silken extravagance of the old *Follies*; if Ziegfeld did nothing else he always gave us the feeling of being out with a good spender.

If the girls seem not quite so glorious this time, that may be because nobody will ever equal Mr. Ziegfeld as a judge of girlflesh, or it may be because any girl we saw several years ago is bound to seem more glamorous than a girl with us here and now. (In either case, they're much better than we deserve.)

Those of the cast who seem best to carry on the Ziegfeld tradition of class in a show that is on the whole a trifle more barny than Mr. Ziegfeld would like, are Vilma Ebsen, Patricia Bowman and Jane Froman. Rougher stuff is introduced by Fanny Brice (whose burlesque fan dance almost stops the show and will certainly stop all future fan dancing) and by Willie Howard (to whom I am at last about to capitulate; he undoubtedly has an urchin or impish quality which is hard to resist if he keeps at you for ten or fifteen years).

I WAS sleepy at the end of the first act of *The First Apple*, and was perfectly willing to wait for the morning paper to see what happened after I left. The only thing I dreaded to miss was a possible return of Spring Byington who had appeared all too briefly in Act 1. It was strange how an otherwise starchy and rather dull play had come to life and even sprouted good lines while she was present.

(For further notes see "Stop & Go" Service, on the next page.)

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by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

DRAMA

(Some of these shows may be closed by now, and others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

- **Ah, Wilderness!** Eugene O'Neill deals for once with real people instead of pains-in-the-neck, and gives us one of the best comedies in years. With George Cohan.
- **All Good Americans.** Those two sleek guys, Hope Williams and Fred Keating, in a plenty sparky play about Americans in Paris.
- **As Thousands Cheer.** We know a fellow personally who has an aunt who has a couple of tickets for this wov review in September. Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick and Ethel Waters get to see it every night—the luckies!
- **Big Hearted Herbert.** Exceptionally good home-like comic strip showing what to do with a husband who insists he is a plain man and who thinks he is the head of the house.
- **Champagne, Sec.** Masks and identity mix-ups and other dull operetta didoes and capers, but with charming Peggy Wood, Kitty Carlisle, and Johann Strauss music.
- **Double Door.** A grim Fifth Avenue sister (might have been a Wendel) has a habit of shoving folks into a room that isn't there. Best melodrama.
- **Her Master's Voice.** If we could have seen only one show this winter, we believe it would have been this. Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.
- **Jezebel.** Machine-lathed melodrama of the old South, with yellow fever and young men itching for insults, but presenting high-voltage Miriam Hopkins as its villainess-heroine.
- **Mary of Scotland.** We usually loathe costume plays, but we loved this, and it is not only costume but it is in the grand manner. Theatre Guild. Author, Maxwell Anderson. With Helen Hayes, Helen Menken and Philip Merivale.
- **Men in White.** How a promising young interne has to go wrong with one girl in order to go right with another one—and his career. Excellent.
- **Murder at the Vanities.** It has been going on for months; somebody must like it; Earl Carroll surely wouldn't play it all for himself alone; but you can't be too sure what that man would do.
- **Pursuit of Happiness.** Delightful comedy based on bundling—or how early New England lovers spent their evenings before the advent of the rumble seat.

Roberta. Gowns galore and a gorgeous score and not much more.

● **Sailor, Beware!** We thought this was dirty, but it is cleaning up. Why we have a navy.

● **She Loves Me Not.** A chorus girl seeks shelter in a Princeton dorm and turns it into a madhouse, and the madness is superb.

● **The Dark Tower.** We guessed too easily who killed the painfully pansy villain of this, and can't understand yet why that young actress ever married him in the first place.

● **The Green Bay Tree.** A wealthy man who arranges flowers in vases and does embroidery throws a fit when his young protégé falls in love with a girl and wants to get married. Sounds thin, but is a perfect production.

● **The Lake.** America's most interesting young woman at the moment, Katharine Hepburn, in a pretty fine play, if you ask us and ignore some of the newspaper critics.

● **Tobacco Road.** Henry Hull gives the year's best character portrait in the year's most earthly play. Grim photography of Georgia white trash.

MOVIES

(Pictures marked X not suitable for children.)

- **Advice To The Lovelorn** (Lee Tracy, Sally Blaine)—Starts out to be an amusing comedy about a reporter who is forced to write the "Miss Lonelyhearts" column—with Tracy getting frequent laughs—then suddenly slides into a dull melodrama which is nothing but propaganda for trade-marked drug articles.
- **Alice In Wonderland** (Charlotte Henry and a flock of unrecognizable stars)—For once the movies have followed manuscript too closely. As a result the stars wear costumes that completely disguise them. And their efforts to live up to the whimsical get-ups result in clumsy, outmoded comedy. Only for tiny tots.
- **A Man's Castle** (Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young)—Acting, dialog and direction rate green. But there's one big drawback to consider. It's the attitude of the shanty-town hero who befriends homeless, jobless gal and finally marries her. He's too tough.
- **Chance At Heaven** (X) (Marion Nixon, Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers)—Owner of local filling station elopes with wealthy society gal. She is to "have a baby", but her mother talks her out of it. Imagine.
- **Convention City** (X) (Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell)—The old hide-and-seek bedroom stuff in an Atlantic

City Hotel during a convention. No question about this one. The humor is broad and the situations elemental, but fast action and crafty direction make the laughs sure fire.

● **Criminal At Large** (X) (Emlyn Williams, Cathleen Nesbitt)—Interesting British production of Edgar Wallace goose-bumper. Scene in which Williams explains his mental condition to the police inspector is great stuff.

● **East Of Fifth Avenue** (Walter Connolly, Dorothy Tree, Wallace Ford)—This Grand-Hotel-in-a-boarding-house story would rate green but for the doubtful element of a double-suicide which will cause comment among fans.

● **Flying Down To Rio** (Gene Raymond, Dolores Del Rio, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire)—Weak musical comedy story, bolstered by handsome production. One swell dance number, "Carioca," but like most things in the movies—when it's good they don't know when to quit. Astaire a standout in cast.

● **Going Hollywood** (Marion Davies, Bing Crosby)—Another pretentious musical effort kept out of the green by a silly story. Miss Davies' talkie work continues to improve, and Bing is still the best singer of popular songs in the past ten years. (Watch the comedienne, Patsy Kelly.)

● **Jimmy and Sally** (James Dunn, Claire Trevor)—Featherweight stuff about young love in business. Moments of good dialog wasted on a hopelessly weak theme.

● **Lady Killer** (James Cagney, Mae Clark, Margaret Lindsay)—Again Warner Brothers step over the line in promoting Cagney's woman-beating activities. They are taking unnecessary chances with this fine actor's box office popularity.

● **Mr. Skitch** (Will Rogers, ZaSu Pitts)—Hit-and-miss, far-fetched tale about an auto camp Cinderella. Story saved from falling apart by shots of humor—dragged in by the ears.

● **Queen Christina** (Greta Garbo, John Gilbert)—Superior entertainment. See page 38.

● **Roman Scandals** (Eddie Cantor)—Mr. Cantor clicks in a lavishly produced girl-and-music film. Ruth Etting's songs help. And authors George Kaufman and Robert E. Sherwood give scenarists a lesson in dispensing hokum out of a high hat.

● **Should Ladies Behave** (X) (Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Conway Tearle)—Adaptation of play *The Vinegar Tree* saved from being dull by fine performers. Dumbbell wife and crotchety old husband have dizzy daughter who falls for middle-aged painter. So what?

● **Sin Of Nora Moran** (Zita Johann, Alan Dinehart)—Unconvincing murder trial drama, with a weak effort to utilize the so-called "narratage" technique, used in *The Power and The Glory*.

Son of Kong (Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack)—Radio Pictures used this one to salvage the loose ends from "Kong." But his son, a comparative midget of 25 feet, turns out to be a chummy critter who befriends the visitors to his island.

BOOKS

Alabam' by Donald Henderson Clarke. The newest dainty Clarke heroine showing how to get along in Hollywood. A warning to all of us. Don't let that sunshine stuff fool you; keep East of the Rockies.

Chronicle of an Infamous Woman by David Liebovitz. What happens when a healthy lady is married to a sick man. How was your last X-ray?

Everywoman by Gilbert Frankau. A lady confesses that she has slept about considerably. In the typical Frankau manner. Zowie and so on.

Labor and Steel by Horace B. Davis. The truth about the steel business. It's very good. You probably won't like it.

L'Affaire Jones by Hillel Bernstein. An American is arrested as a spy and the French act dumber and dumber about it. Supposed to be hilarious but my arteries are evidently not at their best. Timely in view of the Switz case.

Passions Spin the Plot by Vardis Fisher. A young man who has something. Not the slickest writer in the world but a sound one. Keep your eye on him.

Sea Level by Anne Parrish. Not bad at all. A world cruise with all the individuals who take it. Moral: you can't escape.

Skin and Bones by Thorne Smith. This time the characters are turned into skeletons. I must be getting old; I don't laugh so easily—except at Perelman and Thurber.

Slangs Today and Yesterday by Eric Partridge. An Englishman discussing, among other things, American slang. Can't somebody stop this sort of thing? A "cutie" is a "louse". "Zowie" means "and so on". "To beat up" means to call on a person unexpectedly. Well, if they insist on war, we'll have to fight them.

Tattoo by Albert Parry. A complete history of the sailor from an artistic standpoint. Fancy scroll work through the ages.

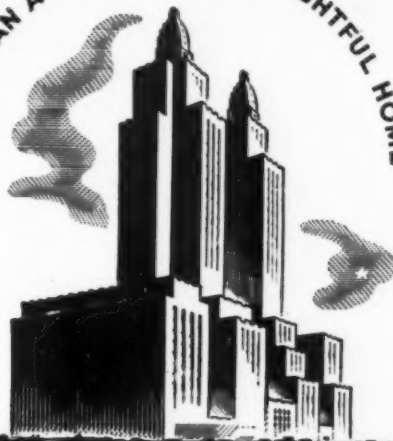
The Native's Return by Louis Adamic. Great stuff about Adamic's homeland and the rest of the Balkans. No matter what any Slovak has ever done to you, read it. Book-of-the-Month choice for February.

Work of Art by Sinclair Lewis. The story of a Connecticut hotel. Everything including the stove but not up to the Lewis best. However, that's better than most.

Yesterday's Burdens by Robert M. Coates. Written in Dadaistic style it may ball you up, but it has its very good points. Not for the lunheads.

Youth Can't Be Served by Nora Hoult. This is warning that when the young folks decide to desert the

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RECORDS

- **Blue Room.** Superb arrangement of a great old tune by the Dorsey Brothers' perfect band. (Brunswick.)
- **Dixie Lee.** The Casa Loma Band returns to their hot style in nice form. Vocal by Peewee Hunt. (Brunswick.)
- **Keep On Doin' What You're Doin'.** In hot style by the eminent clarinetist, Benny Goodman, and his star-studded band. (Columbia.)
- **Love Locked Out.** From England, another smooth Ray Noble creation,

this one outstandingly good. (Victor.)

● **Orchids in the Moonlight.** Swell tango by Vincent Youmans, slowed up by Rudy Vallée's interpretation. (Victor.)

● **Queer Notions.** A strange creation by Fletcher Henderson and his orchestra. Only for the very musicianly. (Vocalion.)

● **Temptation.** The very successful Bing Crosby is in his element with this torch from his latest flicker. (Brunswick.)

● **This Is Only the Beginning.** Harold Arlen sings his own song, one of his best. Backed by a ditto, *Let's Fall in Love.* (Victor.)

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners

DEAR Prof: Has anyone ever found, in a household tool chest, the exact tool he needed when he needed it?—Margie Roderick, 2651 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Margie: You'll think the old Professor has broken down at last and started to make up stuff when he tells you that a man named Brent Wells of New York City fixed a screen door at the seashore last summer with tools he found in his Little Dandy Handy Household chest. But let him tell the story in his own words.

"The front screen door was warped," he testified, "and my mind was gradually getting the same way from trying to open it. The door, I mean. So I dragged out the old tool box and searched around for a screwdriver and a plane. Well, sir, you'll never believe it but the only tools left in that box were a screwdriver and a plane! The sad part of it was, the screwdriver was too big to fit any of the screws in the door, and the plane had been used by my wife for scraping toast and wasn't sharp enough to skim the top off a custard pie; so I had to call in a carpenter. That's the warp and woof of the whole situation. Speaking of warp and woof, we had plenty of it at the shore. Every door and bureau drawer stuck, and the neighborhood was infested at night with barking dogs. If that isn't warp and woof, I give up."

Dear Prof: Why do the curtains in movie theatres open and close so often for no apparent reason?—Alice Nadine Morrison, Rockwood Manor, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Alice: Reasons for this vary in different picture houses. Usually, the closing of the curtains indicates the end of the picture, which is the signal for the people next to and behind you to gather up their belongings and scramble toward the aisle—over your hunched form. By the time that's over you've missed the first five minutes of Mickey Mouse; so the closing of the curtains should warn you to crawl down under your seat and pick idly away at the wads of chewing gum until the Bedlam is over.

Sometimes, on the other hand, the curtains are left closed, and jiggling slightly, so you will be unable to read

who edited, supervised, censored, produced, filmed, directed, distributed and released the epic. This is merely a humane aspect of the question and is not often encountered in the ordinary movie house. In most cases the frantic opening and closing of the curtain is a matter of pride on the part of theatre managers who want to show

their audiences they haven't as yet hocked the curtains.

DEAR Prof: Why are railroad time tables so arranged that nobody can understand them?—Will Lawler, 784 S. Logan St., Denver, Colorado.

Dear Will: The custom of time tables goes back to the day of a Mr. R. R. Time, an eccentric old millionaire who used to board trains leaving Grand Central and present each passenger with a free ticket. He indulged in this philanthropic whim so often that people began to say the trip was "on Time" or the whole train was "on Time." At any rate, this silly duck later installed tables in several large terminals on which he placed leaflets which listed the arrival and departure of trains; an

idea which, strangely enough, had never occurred to railroad officials. This service became known as the "Time table" and became so popular that the railroads bought the idea from Mr. Time and published leaflets under their own supervision. (Mr. Time then retired from the railroad business and spent his declining years inventing the radio, the plans for which were, unfortunately, discovered in a safety deposit box shortly after the World War.)

All went well with the "Time tables" until a printer one day found some odd type he thought would dress up the schedules, so he began to use such symbols as †§♥§†*◇†*♣†♠ which appealed to the railroad men. From then on time tables became a shambles but the public had come to rely upon them so much that they continued to try to use them, hoping year after year that somebody would Do Something. Finally, several progressive railroads installed "Information Booths" in their main depots, and people who couldn't tell a time table from a Chinese laundry ticket, or who couldn't understand the bellows of train "announcers," began to bedevil the information clerks.

The best way to find out about trains today is to shun time tables and go directly to the "Information Booth." But take your lunch with you.



"A new flea powder, madam. It makes the fleas itch."

DEAR PROF: Is there any known way of making the envelopes and paper in a gift box of stationery come out even?—Eula Stebbins, 705 Park Blvd., Austin, Texas.

Dear Eula: Mr. Ripley hasn't gotten around to it yet, but last month Miss Dorothy Lamb of New York City accomplished this seemingly impossible feat with a box of stationery she received on Christmas. Most users by this time (February 1st) have 16 envelopes and 5 sheets of paper left (if they are any shakes at writing letters) but not so Miss Lamb. Last week she wrote a letter on the last sheet of paper, put it into the last envelope, and filled the empty box with pieces of string and other stuff she'll probably never get around to using.

Her method was simple but effective: when she first received the gift she folded each sheet of paper and put it into an envelope; then, if she wrote a letter of more than one page, she removed a second sheet from an envelope and threw away the extra envelope. It's extravagant but you think of something better.

The unusual thing about the gift box in question was that the flaps of the envelopes stayed stuck when licked.

An Appeal to Men (and wives)

WHAT are we going to do, gents, about the Pins-in-new-shirts problem? A great many Queerespondents have asked this question in various forms and it's time to act! We've been stuck long enough! Is there any logical reason why shirt manufacturers should put ten pins in every new shirt? What's the matter with wrapping them in cellophane, or holding them in shape with paper bands? If you're pin-jaded—if you're in sympathy with this department's movement against pins in shirts—just drop a postcard to the Professor demanding a New Deal from shirt manufacturers. The Professor will pay \$5 for the best slogan for the abolition of pins, and will forward to a prominent shirt manufacturer all correspondence from Queerespondents relating to this problem. Act now!

BE a Queerespondent. This department will pay \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. None will be returned.

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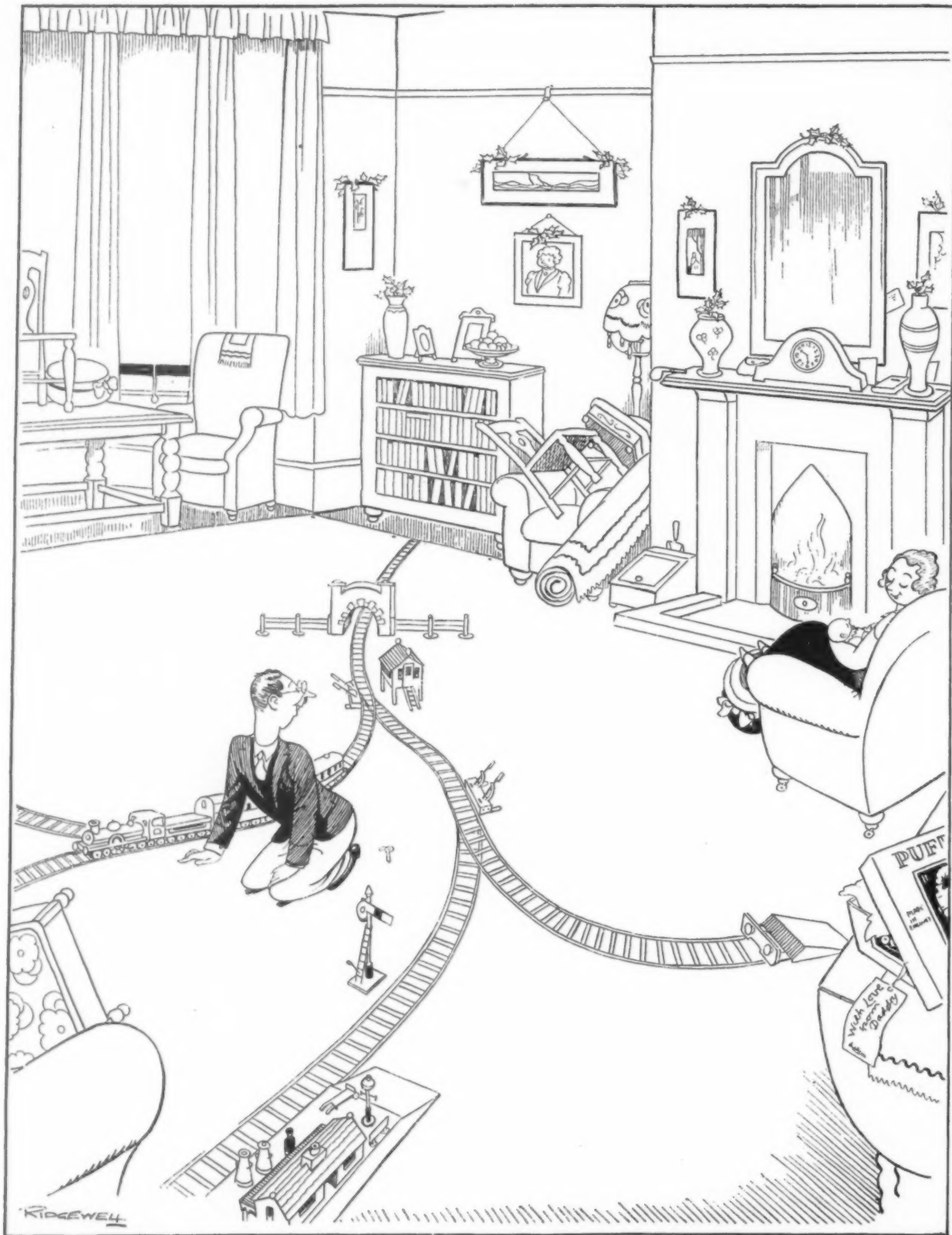
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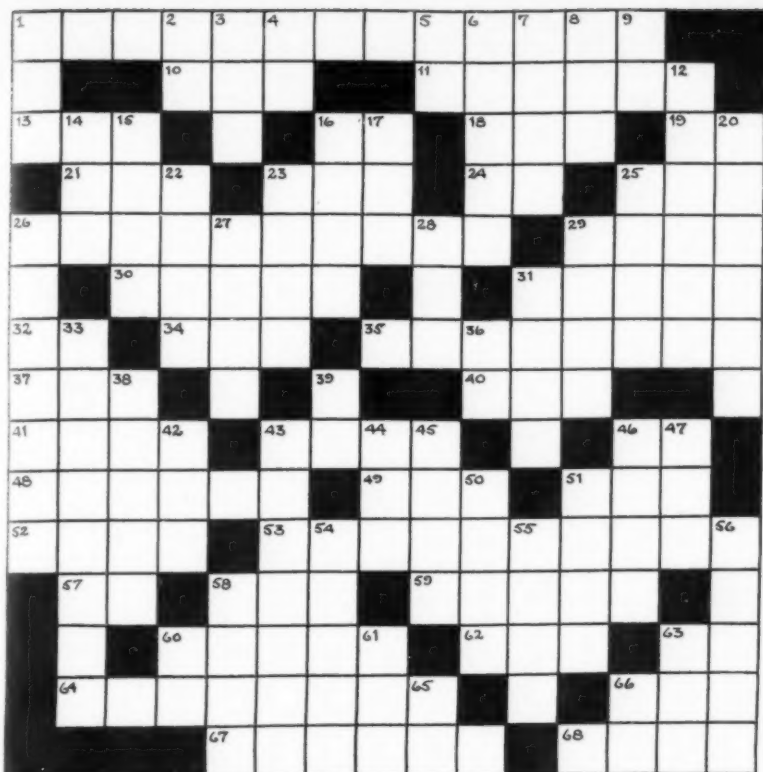
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—PUNCH, London (by special permission)

"You know, Elsie, I'm awfully pleased it's a boy."



HORIZONTAL

1. An intense mental state.
10. What makes some wheels go round.
11. You beg for this.
13. The last of most things.
16. Quiet please.
18. A vegetable container.
19. The first degree.
21. To get what you don't deserve.
23. The last thing a wife can do.
24. Half the measurement in printing.
25. Hail to the Romans.
26. Hearty greetings.
29. Skip it.
30. Deal with.
31. A kind of tooth.
32. This indicates belongings.
34. Sportive.
35. A fake claim.
37. This makes the man.
40. A brick carrier.
41. Good for nothing.
43. A few points worth noting.
46. A type of disorder.
48. Try this as a starter.
49. You'd love to do this.
51. An edict.
52. All set to snap.
53. Smoking but not burning brightly.
57. Half an inch.
58. Past consumption.
59. An endowment.
60. Gone to blazes.
62. Radical.
63. Short measure.
64. To expose to injury.
66. Total.
67. Past reeling.
68. Wild party.

VERTICAL

1. An actor's last words.
2. A small volume.
3. The big time.
4. This stands for uselessness.
5. Journalistic alliance.
6. Tie-ups in ribbons.
7. A hot smoothie.
8. Uneven.
9. Not positive.
12. National water power (pl.).
14. The new blue bird.
15. The dummy.
16. This will satisfy.

17. The first layer.
20. Not so bad.
22. Titanically disastrous.
23. Check.
25. This always stops singing in church.
26. This is fierce.
27. Orderly.
28. To turn from the right.
29. Still unpaid.
31. Pack.
33. A first preference.
36. Questionable.
38. This is conducive to lying.
39. This never comes.
42. The important part in kissing.
43. Foreordain.
44. A little before three.
45. Not for sale.
46. What a marriage is made of.
47. Open house.
50. A fancy air.
51. Brought up.
54. Blend.
55. This often replaces the pitcher.
56. Sticky.
58. Some distance off.
60. Sales notice.
61. Fish-worm.
63. Slang for visage.
65. A thing in law.
66. Sign of age.

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Write to any above hotel for literature, rates or information

FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST AND ASSOCIATED HOTELS



THE FACTS OF LIFE

(Continued from page 37)

since. But you still persist in believing. You must be *forced* to see the light.

"At a great personal sacrifice to us both, Mrs. Fepp and I are having this new baby as a final appeal to your reason. We are now going to prove that no stork has anything whatever to do with it. Follow me."

"So saying, he took his wife's arm. She smiled at him bravely. Heading the bewildered procession, they made their way straight to the dock. A special ferry lay bobbing at its moorings, and the entire crowd, openmouthed with wonder, followed them up the gangplank.

"To the Brooklyn Bridge!" Fepp ordered the pilot. And off they sailed.

"HALF an hour later the same astonished assemblage was standing on the bridge, curiously examining a strange contraption. It was a huge packing case sort of affair, about ten feet high by fifteen feet broad.

"There are beds in it!" exclaimed one.

"And a kitchenette!" exclaimed another.

"And look there! Oxygen tanks! Whatever is it for . . . ?"

"You'll see," said Fepp. He made a stirrup of his hands. His wife put her foot in it. With surpassing agility he hoisted her up and over the side. Without another word Fepp clambered in after. Assistants stepped up and clamped down the lid. The crate was sealed with tinfoil and wax, and the Hon. J. J. Drouberhannus, the then Police Commissioner of New York City, chained and padlocked it securely."

"Good gracious, what then?" demanded Quackenbush. His flushed little face was all smeared with marshmallow.

"Well," I said. "A huge weight was attached to the box. A crew of workmen stepped up, pushed the thing up to the edge of the bridge and shoved it off into space! Down it tumbled. Splash!—and the crate disappeared! Commissioner Drouberhannus then beckoned the flabbergasted crowd to follow him. They all got into horse cars and rode to the Guarantee Trust Co. There, in the presence of all, he placed the key to the padlock in Safe Deposit Box No. 847.

"For three days and nights the Staten Islanders were entertained on the mainland . . . at Fepp's expense. Theatres, dinners, nice suites at a hotel. But on the morning of the fourth day, they were all bundled out early and

packed into horse cars again. Led by Goldman's Band, the cavalcade wound its way down to the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Grappling irons were lowered into the water. The box was located. Up it was dragged. As it lay dripping on the bridge, up stepped the Hon. J. J. Grimalken, the then Mayor of New York. The Police Commissioner handed him the padlock key. He stripped off the seals. Thousands craned their necks breathlessly as the lid was lifted!

"And lo and behold! Not only were Mr. and Mrs. Fepp safe and sound inside . . . but *three brand new little Fepps as well!*"

"Cheers rent the air. Hats went skyward. Everyone agreed that even if it were possible for *one* stork to get into that box, it was absolutely unthinkable that it had been penetrated by *three*.

"Fepp had redeemed himself. He had killed the lie that he had so thoughtlessly started. The young folks rushed for the Staten Island ferry. The next year their birth rate was simply tremendous."

I looked down at little Quackenbush to determine his reaction. Only one glance was needed to tell me I had won my point. From now on I knew that the stork was quashed.

"Uncle," he said. "You have cleared my mind of its rubble and ruck. I thank you. But now you must tell me, where *do* babies come from?"

I leaned down and whispered something into his ear.

Quackenbush laughed. "That's more ridiculous than the stork," he said. "You'll have *some* time convincing me of that."

I smiled quietly. I paid for his ten marshmallow sundaes and we strode from the store. Linking arms, we started back home. Tomorrow evening I would start building my edifice.

CHAP. II.

An Introduction to Anatomy

I HAD mapped out the course for our second walk with care and deliberation. The brightly lighted streets of the Bronx proper were scarcely the setting I wanted tonight. I needed the isolation of a darker district. Tonight I was loaded with dynamite that had best be set off in seclusion. Far, far away from the beaten path, little Quackenbush and I were picking our way in silence along Harlem River.

I peered sharply up and down the street. It was entirely deserted.

"Come, Quackenbush," I whispered quickly. I grasped his hand and drew him after me through a break in the



"There they stood . . . exactly as they had been created!"

fence . . . into the foreboding dimness of a vacant lot. Here I could tell him and not be seen blushing.

The moon shone eerily down upon a desolate scene . . . diffusing a strange half light over the piles of broken plaster and brick. Tin cans gleamed stealthily. From a tenement in the far distance came the sound of someone hanging pictures.

My mind jumped suddenly into the future. Some night little Quackenbush, too, would be hanging pictures. The first sweet night of his married life. Many wedding guests would have given him pictures and he would be hanging them on the walls of his love nest with his bride standing by blushing, holding the ladder.

"Little Quackenbush, old man," I said in a voice that was strangely husky. "There's much more to sex than you'd ever suspect. Last night you thought we accomplished a lot. But we only tore down the stork." I bent down and whispered into his ear. "What I mean to say is, tonight's subject is Comparative Anatomy!"

The lad stared at me as if transfixed. I knew he hadn't the faintest idea what I meant, yet there was something about the phrase that struck him with awe. I faltered. Maybe I shouldn't. Perhaps I should only be talking about flowers!

But the die was cast. There was no time to turn back. With grim resolution I whipped a piece of chalk from my pocket. I stepped to the fence. Quackenbush gaped. On the boards of the fence, in a few succinct, truth-telling strokes I drew, complete in all their details . . . the anatomical structures of Man and Woman! There they stood . . . Man and Woman, exactly as they had been created! They were frank and shameless, *clad only in bathing suits!*

I paused and wiped the cold perspiration from my brow. I looked at Quackenbush. His face was radiant. His eyes gleamed feverishly.

For a moment I was afraid. I half regretted the daring bathing suit idea. Perhaps I should have drawn them in half buttoned ulsters. But then I realized it *had* to be bathing suits. Science may be shocking, but it *has* to be factual.

"There you are!" I announced, with a gesture. "There you are . . . Man and Woman . . . Woman and Man . . . get the idea?"

"Gee!" whistled little Quackenbush. From the tenement in the distance came the soft whirring purr of a vacuum sweeper. The picture hanging had been completed, and the happy young wife was cleaning up the plaster.

Little Quackenbush had turned away from the picture. He was looking at me, puzzled. "Which is the woman?" he asked simply.

A FEELING of futility welled into my throat. I had thought he had got it. But evidently it had not been the subject matter, but my skill that had thrilled him.

"Please look at them again," I said as calmly as I could. "Take a good long look."

Quackenbush stared at them intently.

"Oh, come now," he begged finally. "Give me a hint."

"Quackenbush," I asked. "Did you ever see a woman with an Adam's apple?"

"Adam's *what*?" The lad gaped at me, completely bewildered.

"Good heavens, Quackenbush! You don't mean they've never even told you about Adam's apples?"

"Adam's apples?" Quackenbush thought back over his education. "Never, uncle. What are they like?"

"It's like this," I said. "Take your papa and mama . . . no . . ." I thought of something more striking. The functional analysis of the Adam's apple might better be delineated by a true tale from Evolution.

"Don't take your papa and mama," I corrected myself. "Take a couple of snails. You are one of the first snails of history. Snails are absolutely new



on the earth, and so far you have no trace of an Adam's apple. But anyhow you are a young male snail. A lonely male snail, wandering listlessly about the pampas in search of a mate. The search seems endless. You become discouraged, but your masculine instincts egg you onward and onward, until finally, just as you are about to give up in despair, you wander into a setting that makes your heart leap! It is a veritable Eden of snails . . . dozens of them, yes hundreds of them disporting themselves all over the greensward. Then what do you do?"

"Very simple," said Quackenbush. "I just walk up and propose to one."

"Ahhh! But you're wrong," I corrected him. "It's not that easy at all. You can't propose. It's impossible. All you can do is stand there perplexed. Snails' faces, you know, are all exactly the same, and only their heads stick out of their shells. You're stumped for fair. You can't tell the girls from the boys!"

Quackenbush whistled. "This *is* a fix," he said and shook his head.

"A fix indeed . . . especially when you realize that you *have* to get married. If you don't get married, that's the end of your race."

"It worries me terribly, Uncle." He grew very uneasy.

"Good!" I grinned. "Worry away. The more worry the better, in fact. Nature has a remedy for every dilemma . . . and in this case the remedy is nothing more than worry. Do you know what happens when you start to worry?"

A light dawned on Quackenbush's brow.

"I know! I know!" he fairly bubbled. "I get a lump in my throat . . . the ADAM'S APPLE!"

A thrill of pleasure ran through me. My pupil was sparking beautifully. "Wonderful!" I ejaculated. "And then the girl snails, seeing this signal . . ."

" . . . all pounce upon me, and my troubles are over forever! Now I see *everything*. Man and woman . . . woman and man . . . there *is* a difference."

From the apartment in the far distance came the noise of new hammering. The bride and groom were re-hanging their pictures.

I regarded little Quackenbush and smiled quietly. I had laid another brick in the Temple of his Future Happiness.

(Next month Dr. Seuss will take you and little Quackenbush further along the road toward the Facts of Life. Don't miss the final stirring chapters of this enlightening treatise.)

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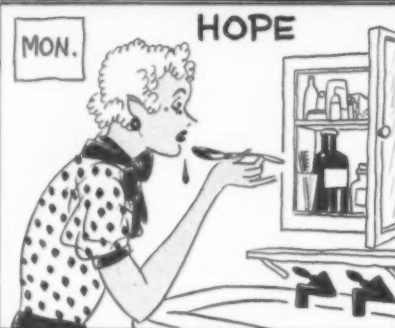
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SUCH IS LIFE!

LETTERS

DEAR LIFE: I have just finished writing a very wonderful book which I'm sure your readers would like to hear about. And you, too. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they went wild over it. And you, too.

It is so devastatingly witty. And brilliant. It gleams like one of those glow-worms of the summer night. You remember how girls used to fasten them in their hair when all the world was young? Beautiful, wasn't it?

Well, this book of mine is like that.

I am calling it **SOVEREIGN CITIES**.

It's quite long, over 126,000 words, and I have divided it into nine parts of 64 pages and cover each, and propose to issue it in this Part form myself, because no publisher would look at it for publication. It is too clever for them.

It abolishes Socialism, Communism, Sovietism, Hitlerism, Fascism, Capitalism, Banks and Trust Companies, Competitive Industries, Monopoly, Privilege, Elections, Politics and Politicians, and, oh, a great many other things!

I felt, when I was writing it, better be thorough: better make a clean sweep while you're about it. You understand? No half-way measures. I think that's so nice, to do a clean, workmanlike job of anything, don't you?

It puts an end to Unemployment, Poverty, Graft, Crime and Corruption, establishing Health, Happiness, Prosperity for all.

Suppose I send you Part I of **SOV-**



This pensive looking gent is Harry Haenigsen, cartoonist, who doesn't always look so lugubrious.

EREIGN CITIES, and you pick out the plums? Or shall I pick them out for you and send them to you? I could do that. Then you print them in **LIFE**, first of anybody. Would you like that? It's a sociological romance, with a delicious love-story winding through it like a scarlet thread.

It's a masterpiece, and so logical that your readers will all ask, Why has nobody had the brains to see these things before this? Shall I send you the plums?

Very truly

—Syd Blanshard Flower, author
Pasadena, California.

(Anybody like plums?—Ed.)

DEAR LIFE: I was interested to note in your December issue the statement that one billion [*sic*] electric light bulbs are burned out daily [*also sic*] in the United States. I am astonished to note that at an average price of fifteen cents each this means an annual expenditure for lamps of 54 billion 750 million dollars (\$54,750,000,000) or \$452.48 for each of 121 million persons. If these lamps average 30 watts in size and have a life of 500 hours (both conservative estimates) then we must be using 5,475 billion kilowatt-hours a year for lighting alone. Apparently there must be a boom on lamps this year, for in 1932 the total energy sold was around 75 or 80 billion. At 5 cents a kilowatt-hour our annual lighting bill must be 273 billion 750 million dollars (\$273,750,000,000) or \$2,262.40 for each person.

Really, now, didn't you mean a *million*?

—W. G. Parmenter, E. E.

Georgia Power and Light Co.
Valdosta, Ga.

(We're gasping for breath, Mr. Parmenter.)

Dear LIFE: We are very grateful to you for the article which appeared several months ago exposing the malpractices of certain "Get-Rich-Quick" companies. We congratulate you for your courage and sincerely wish other first-class magazines would follow your example.

Can you advise us how to get these companies to refund our money?

—B. F. Miller,

Wellington, Kansas.

(Sorry; the companies you refer to are now defunct.)